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The Outlook

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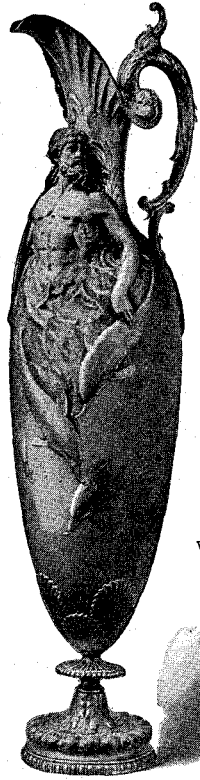
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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50

For Week ending 10 November, 1894

Number 19



THE death of the Czar was formally announced in St. Petersburg on the morning following his death, and at the same moment the accession of his son, Nicholas II., was declared. The new Czar has issued a proclamation registering his solemn vow to make the peaceful development of the power and glory of Russia his sole aim, directing that the oath of allegiance be taken to him, and declaring his brother, the Grand Duke George, his successor until a son shall be born to him. Elaborate funeral services have already begun, although the remains of Alexander III. will not be removed from Livadia until the close of this week, and it will probably be ten days before they reach St. Petersburg. In the meantime all Russia will be given up to mourning. The judgment of the European press on the late Czar is in substantial agreement in condemning his almost fanatical hostility to the Jews and in commending his persistent endeavor to maintain the peace of the world. In France the expressions of mourning have been more emphatic than elsewhere, because there is a general feeling in that country that by the death of Alexander III. France loses her firmest ally in Europe. The new Czar was born in 1868, and is very unlike his father. He is a man of medium stature, and is of sympathetic, genial, and studious disposition. He is said to have a thorough command of several modern languages, and to be well instructed in constitutional history, law, administration, finance, and political economy. He entered the army at eighteen and was a faithful officer, but it is said that he has no liking for the life, and that militarism has no attractions for him. He is shy, affectionate, and is believed to hold liberal opinions. It must be remembered, however, that heirs to thrones are generally liberal until they come into office, when, as in the case of the late Czar, they are quite likely to become as reactionary as their predecessors. The question which all Europe is asking about the new Czar is, What will be his attitude toward the Triple Alliance? There is a general impression that he leans very strongly to Germany, and that a new policy may be expected, so far as the question of the affiliation of Russia with the other Great Powers is concerned.

The most striking news which has come from the Sino-Japanese war has been that of the reported capture of one or more of the forts at Port Arthur, the batteries of which cover over four miles of seaboard. The Chinese garrison is variously estimated at from four thousand to ten thousand men. Thirteen thousand Japanese are encamped at Kinchan on the Regent's Sword Promontory, on the southern shore of which Port Arthur is located. Both Talien-Wan and Port Arthur are reported to be completely invested. The strategic importance of possessing Port Arthur can hardly be overestimated, and the Japanese evidently intend to use it as a base for further action in and about the Gulf of

Pechili. The latest of Field-Marshal Yamagata's victories in Manchuria has been at Feng-Huang-Cheng, and the Chinese forces have retired in disorder to Mukden, to which capital the Japanese have now a clear road. It is also announced that Andong and Fong-Wong have been taken, and the capture of ammunition has been especially noteworthy, including fifty-five cannon, fifteen hundred muskets, and two million cartridges. An office of civil administration has been established at Andong. Since Japan's latest war loan has been subscribed for twice over, it is said that the Government will take advantage of this fact to raise the loan to 50,000,000 yen (a yen is worth from seventy-five to eighty-five cents). The Chinese loan to be floated in Europe still hangs fire, but there is an expectation that the matter of interest will soon be arranged. No American war-ship is now left in Japanese waters, the Petrel having sailed from Nagasaki for the Chinese coast. The Monocacy is at Tientsin and the Concord at Shanghai, the Baltimore and the Charleston, the two largest cruisers of our Asiatic squadron, remaining at Chemulpo.

The Outlook has already called attention to the reactionary movement in Europe, due very largely to the fear with which people generally regard extreme socialistic theories. The friends of absolutism and of all gray and venerable usages and abuses under different systems are now imploring all good people to stand with them to support society against its enemies. Unfortunately, the Anarchists and the extreme Socialists have given a good deal of ground for these people to stand upon, and the result is seen in the demand for a stronger and more conservative Government in France, in a large access of strength to the Clerical party in Belgium, in the practical defeat of the National or Liberal party in Norway, and probably in the overthrow of Chancellor von Caprivi; for it now looks as if this faithful and moderate statesman had been forced to the rear by reactionary influence. The assassination of President Carnot brought up the discussion of international action against Anarchists, and in Germany the reactionaries were quick to see their chance of striking at legitimate agitation by new and drastic measures ostensibly aimed at Anarchism. The Chancellor was against this legislation, discerning perhaps what the real impulse behind it was, and discerning also that such legislation generally carries with it an element of reaction. It looks now as if the Emperor had been won over to the reactionary standpoint and had dismissed his Chancellor for the purpose of having a free hand. This state of things gives genuine satisfaction to Prince Bismarck, whose blood-and-iron policy was never dearer to him than now when he is out of office. It remains to be seen how far the Emperor will go in the direction of repression.

Fuller reports from Norway confirm the conclusions recently set forth in these columns with regard to the late

elections. The loss of the rural vote by the Radicals is emphasized by their unexpected gains elsewhere. For instance, they elected the four members from Christiania, where the influence of the Court is strongest, and where the social power which issues from the Court was undoubtedly exerted to the utmost against them. Formerly the Radical or Separatist strength was greatest among the country people; now the country people have largely deserted them, and the gains they have made in the towns, although considerable, are not sufficient to make up for the loss they have sustained in the country. In the last Storthing there were 65 Radicals, 35 Conservatives, and 14 Moderates, the Radicals standing for the separation of the country from Sweden. In the coming Storthing there will be 58 Radicals and 59 Conservatives—a loss of 7 seats to the Radicals and a gain of 21 to the Conservatives. It is suggested that a possible solution of the difficulties between the two countries will be the concession by Sweden to Norway of the right of diplomatic representation abroad. This could be done without affecting the basis of union between the two countries. The only question is whether the Norwegians would be willing to accept it as a permanent adjustment of the difficulty. That seems to us very doubtful.

The recent war scare in London has called attention again to the long list of points of disagreement between France and England in Africa, and there is a growing feeling that some attempt ought to be made to secure an understanding between the two countries which shall not only remove these possibilities of discord, but which shall supply a definite line of action for both Governments in the Dark Continent. These points of difference are for the most part of very small account, but in more than one case they stand for the difference in policy between the two countries, and any insignificant point may therefore become the occasion of a serious crisis. The French have already laid their hands upon African territory equal in extent to a tract fourteen times as large as all France. This does not, of course, include Madagascar, although the command of that island is a matter of great importance in connection with the East African coast. France to-day controls the Sahara region, and has possessed herself of a part of Gambia, of Sierra Leone, Ashantee, the territory of the Niger, Togo, the country to the south of Lake Tchad, and is steadily pushing her lines of influence north and eastward. England, on the other hand, has possessed herself of territory in Africa about twenty-four times as large as the home country. Neither Government seems to have adopted a general policy, but both Governments are pushing on and reaching out wherever they can without counting the cost or looking ahead to see what the new annexation means. The time is evidently fast approaching when there must be either an understanding between the two countries or the possibility of serious collision, and when each country must have a definite policy governing its acquisitions. So far the two countries have been very much like persons smitten with the land fever who buy right and left without any regard to the profits of their investments.

The Civil Marriage Bill which, as readers of *The Outlook* will remember, finally passed the Upper House of the Hungarian Parliament, the House of Magnates, by a majority of four, belongs to a group of measures, five in number, which aim at the secularization of the Hungarian State, which in many respects retains institutions and methods long ago abandoned by western Europe. The other measures devised to bring Hungary into line with modern thought

and modern political ideas include a bill providing for the freedom of religious worship, which recently passed its second reading by a bare majority of one, but on the third reading was rejected by those who had voted for it on the first and second readings; a bill recognizing Judaism and permitting conversions to that creed, which was also rejected by a majority of six; and two other measures, dealing with the religion of children of mixed marriages and the substitution of civil for ecclesiastical registrars, both of which have passed. A recital of these measures is sufficient, to one familiar with the state of opinion in Hungary, to indicate the radical character of the laws which the Hungarian Ministry has attempted to carry through, and on two of the most important of which it has been defeated—owing, it is said, to Protestant opposition so far as religious freedom is concerned, and to the prevalence of anti-Semitic feeling so far as the recognition of Judaism is concerned. The opposition is determined not only to prevent these radical changes, but to put the Liberal Cabinet out of office, and to inflict a serious defeat upon Liberalism.

In Manchester, England, formerly the very heart of individualistic Liberalism, the Liberal party has practically adopted the Socialistic programme of the new Labor party. A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" brings out the situation most strikingly in an admirable letter. Only two years ago the Labor party was organized. It drew its strength from the Liberals, and in the first two campaigns the chief tangible result of its work was the election of Conservatives. Meanwhile, however, it thought out its own programme, and persistently agitated for it. This year the Liberal party, in response to a demand from its own members and in order to prevent its own disruption, adopted a platform which concedes nearly everything the Labor party has demanded. The approaching elections are municipal, and the platform deals only with municipal issues. Its industrial demands are these:

1. Standard wages to corporation workmen, and jealous scrutiny of proposed increases of large salaries.
2. Working day of eight hours for corporation workmen.
3. City work to be done, as far as possible, when other work is slack.
4. The abrogation of the contract system, and the direct employment of workmen by the city wherever practicable.
5. The election of more workingmen to local governing bodies.
6. Stricter public control of street railways, and public ownership at the earliest opportunity.
7. The demolition of slum property, and the increase in the number of open spaces.
8. The energetic enforcement of sanitary laws and of the Work-shops Act.
9. The abolition of the bath-tax on the cheaper houses.
10. Cheaper gas.

After reading this programme it seems hard to realize that only a few years ago "Manchesterism"—meaning Manchester Liberalism—was, all over Europe, the synonym of the doctrine that the State should confine itself to "the rôle of a night-watchman."

The supreme court of appeals in England—the "law Lords" of the House of Lords—has rendered a decision which enables English cities to acquire possession of the street-car franchises at reasonable rates. When the policy of buying the "tramways" at the expiration of their present charters was practically decided upon by the victory of the "Progressives" in London two years ago, the shareholders in the companies declared that they must be paid for their properties the market price to which 10 and 12 per cent. dividends had brought them. In fact, they

went so far as to denounce any other scale of payment as "confiscation," and secured opinions from most distinguished lawyers sanctioning this view. The House of Lords, however, has interpreted the law just as a disinterested layman would have interpreted it. It declares that, as the public franchises conferred were for a limited period (generally thirty-five years), the companies had no right to earnings from the franchise beyond that period. All that was theirs was the tangible property their capital had constructed, and for this the public ought to pay only its cost when new, less a reasonable deduction for the deterioration it had undergone. In other words, the owners of street-car lines are to be paid for their property in the same way in which the owners of houses and factories are paid for theirs. This decision greatly strengthens the already dominant movement for municipal ownership of municipal monopolies. It is worth while noting that the demand for public ownership is fast developing into a demand for public operation as well. The City Council of Glasgow, by the overwhelming vote of 50 to 6, has recently dispensed with an intermediary corporation, and now operates its thirty-one miles of street-car lines in the same direct and satisfactory way in which it repairs and cleans its streets.

The Outlook goes to press the day before election. The rôle of historian is therefore forbidden it, and the rôle of prophet it declines. It desires, nevertheless, to sum up the campaign issues, which in several States lend significance to the returns. Everywhere, of course, the most important factor in determining results has been the business depression. There are fewer failures than there were a year ago, but the general level of prices for Wall Street stocks, as well as for farmers' crops, is more than ten per cent. lower than last November. In the East this has influenced voters in favor of the Republican party, on the ground that the lowering of the tariff was its cause; in the South and West it has influenced voters in favor of the Populists, on the ground that the suspension of the coinage of silver was the cause. East of Ohio the silver issue has hardly entered into the campaign except in Pennsylvania, where the Republican Convention half indorsed Senator Cameron's free-coinage views, and where Representative Sibley, the only Eastern Democrat who supported free coinage, has been renominated by the Democrats and Populists. In both New York and Massachusetts the American Protective Association plays a somewhat important part. In New York, however, the hand of the Association can nowhere be seen, except by the "unterrified" Democracy, which is appealing—we hope in vain—to this political ghost for deliverance. To the great body of the voters, however, the living issues of the campaign are the personal character of Senator Hill and the corporate character of Tammany Hall. In at least two Western States, on the other hand, the American Protective Association seems to have behind it a body of no inconsiderable weight. These are Michigan and Colorado. In both States the influence of the Association seems to be on the side of the Republicans. In South Dakota, however, the Catholic Bishop has directed a letter to his clergy asking them to support the Republican candidate for the Senate.

From the standpoint of National politics the election in South Dakota is almost as important as any in the country, for it is a doubtful State, from which a United States Senator is to be chosen; and the really important thing to be decided this year is the constituency of the incoming Senate. No matter what party may have a majority in the

House, neither the Republicans nor the free-coinage men can hope to seriously change the tariff or the currency laws while Mr. Cleveland is President, and Mr. Cleveland's term does not end until the incoming House of Representatives is superseded by another. But the Senators elected this year hold on for four years more, and may determine future legislation on crucially important matters. Now, nearly all the doubtful States from which Senators are to be elected this year are in the Northwest. The situation in South Dakota is typical of that in the entire section. In sixteen counties in the State there is open fusion between the Democrats and Populists, while in eleven more the Democrats have practically indorsed the Populists by not nominating legislative candidates. Republicans who claim the Governorship with confidence admit that the Senatorship is in doubt. Somewhat similar is the situation in Minnesota, where the Democrats and Populists outside of the two great cities have fused in one legislative district after another until the result is uncertain. In Minnesota, however, this fusion of Democrats and Populists in the country has been partially offset by the fusion of Democrats and Republicans in the cities. Two Democratic daily papers in the "twin cities" are now supporting the Republican candidate for Governor, on the ground that it is a choice between him and the Populist candidate, since the Democratic candidate cannot be elected. In Nebraska, as we have before stated, there is formal fusion between the regular Democrats and the Populists. In Nebraska the fusion candidate for the United States Senate, Mr. Bryan, is a Democrat, but a Democrat who believes in free coinage, the income tax, the popular election of Senators, and the foreclosure of the Pacific Railway mortgages and the operation of the roads by the Government. Between a Democrat of this type and a Populist of Senator Allen's type there is practically no difference. The "Bankers and Business Men's Association," which was prominent in the campaign against prohibition, is fighting hard to prevent a Populist victory, but the result is in doubt, as the Omaha "Bee" refuses to support the Republican candidate for Governor, on the ground that he is a railroad appointee. In Kansas and Colorado there are also Senatorial contests, but in these States the Populists are somewhat divided, and the Republicans are more confident of success. In Kansas the important issue to be decided is whether or not women shall be given the suffrage; the important issue in Colorado is how the women will use it. It is to the returns from these States, and those from New York, that the thoughtful student of politics will turn with the greatest interest.

The week's testimony before the Lexow Committee added appreciably to the amazing mass of proof as to the corruption in every branch of the Police Department. Commissioner Sheehan declined absolutely to show the Committee his bank-books, returned evasive answers to many questions, grossly insulted the Committee's counsel from time to time, made nothing like a sound defense against the charge that he left Buffalo as a defaulter, and, in short, left a wretched impression of his character both as an official and as a man. The woman whom the agents of accused police captains tried to detain in Jersey City was brought to New York and put upon the stand. In part her testimony was like much that had already been heard from keepers of infamous resorts who have paid blackmail to the police. But it was startling in that Mrs. Herreman testified that she had paid in all from \$25,000 to \$30,000 to the police for "protection" and to free herself from arrest and prosecution. Nothing more atrocious has been

told to the Committee than this woman's story of the systematic thwarting by the police of her attempts to keep her own niece from entering into an evil life. She also charged that a purse of \$1,700 had been raised by police officials to send her away from the city. Another sensation of the week was the testimony by two witnesses that the sum of \$500 was once paid into the hands of Mr. W. S. Andrews (formerly an Excise Commissioner, but now Street Commissioner) for procuring the relicensing of a saloon which had been shut up as a disorderly place. Commissioner Andrews, it is fair to say, vehemently denies the charge, and declares his intention to take the matter into the courts. Finally, the horrible charge was made, and (in part at least) sustained by the evidence of checks, that the police have systematically blackmailed and "protected" professional abortionists. Is there any possible lower depth than this?



General Oliver O. Howard

The law fixing sixty-five as the maximum age of active service in the army necessitates the retirement of General O. O. Howard while he is still at his best; for, at least to the ordinary observer, he shows no signs of age, except in a certain mellowness of character and ripeness of experience. It may be necessary, but it is certainly unfortunate, that a hard and fast rule should

deprive this branch of Government service, in not infrequent instances, of men who, though possibly not physically equal to the hardships of active campaigning, are better prepared than their juniors for that administration which is so large a part of the army officer's duty. It is an interesting fact that this law would have excluded from active service in the Franco-German war the four great leaders of the German army. It is not needful to give the mere dates of General Howard's eventful life, and to do more than this would be impossible in a paragraph. A brave soldier, a capable officer, a warm friend, and wholly a Christian gentleman, he will be known in history as the Havelock of America. Without religious pretense or obtrusive piety, he has maintained throughout his life his Christian faith unshaken and his Christian purity unspotted. Passing through a storm of obloquy as Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau, and by our wicked spoils system made, under Andrew Johnson's administration, responsible for subordinates whom he did not appoint and could not remove, he came out of the tragical wreck of that Department wholly acquitted of all blame, and carries with him to this day, by the mere force of his transparent and guileless character, a reputation which malice has not been able to blur or spot. In Wagner's triumphal march in honor of Germany's victories, Luther's "Eine Feste Burg" comes in as a dominant theme, rising clear and strong above the din of battle. General Howard has so sung in his heart for half a century "A safe stronghold our God is still," that the whole world has heard the song above the Babel sounds of sin and strife, and in honoring the singer honors the faith which he has exemplified.

Our readers should compare with the account we give this week of the great strike at Fall River the account in the "Forum" of the churches in that city and the attitude which

they and the operatives maintain toward each other. If Mr. William Bayard Hale's statement of the conditions of the tenements is to be relied upon, there is a call for a Parkhurst in the pulpits of that city. It is always a question, and a difficult one, how far the minister should enter into controversies between laborers and capitalists in such a community. It is very easy to be a partisan, and not easy to avoid being one. It is often difficult, too, for the best employers to compel cleanliness and order and observance of sanitary conditions in the houses of certain classes of operatives. It is not strange that the employer sometimes becomes discouraged and abandons the effort. But surely the ministry in such a city, without becoming partisan advocates, or claiming to judge between employer and employed, or assuming any tone of "holier than thou," might make common cause for a higher standard of righteousness in dealing with operatives than that reported by our correspondent, or that indicated in the following description of one block of tenements which we quote from Mr. Hale's article in the "Forum":

"We will begin our inquiry, entirely without selection, at the Richard Borden Mill tenements. They stand on Rodman Street, between two alleys. There are sixteen blocks arranged around a court; the blocks have six tenements each. You can enter the court with dry boots if you tiptoe on an isthmus, and jump; for the village is built on low ground, and pools of standing water abound. If you ask at the first tenement on the right, you will be told that there are four bedrooms and a kitchen, and that four sleep in each room. Operatives live in bedrooms and kitchens. They pay here seven dollars a month; this means to the corporation a rental of \$8,000 annually—five per cent. interest on \$160,000. Four to a room is perhaps an unusual number for this particular village. They are not often willing to tell how many share a tenement; it will average here, perhaps, ten, though the patrolman thinks more. The population of the court is about one thousand. . . . The court is littered with refuse; one threads one's way among unsavory heaps. Along under the eaves of every block is a ridge composed of potato-parings, egg-shells, and garbage; the universal rule is to pour the kitchen-emptyings out of the window. This description must pause, however, for it dare not tell how the center of the court—which is the playground of children and the thoroughfare for all—is occupied. A photograph would shock the world. In certain details of filth, hideous indecency, and indescribable shame, this place is probably not matched outside of Fall River anywhere in what we call civilization. . . . And in the center of all stands a pump. The air is pestilential, and the place revolting to every sense. The heart sickens at the sight of the crowds who sit on stoops and hang out at windows, and gaze at their common misery. God in heaven! how is it permitted for girls to look upon this? The saloon is a retreat of which we should do wrong to deprive these men. For their women, there is no refuge but the streets. For them, immorality is almost inevitable from childhood. And among them all, hatred of the rich, and rage against life, are inevitable. In such a place what can men do but sit on the steps and curse their employers? what can women do but nurse their cripple babies and wish them dead?"

If this description is false, our columns are open to a denial of the falsehood. If it is true, they are open to any defense which the owners of the Richard Borden Mill tenements have to offer to Christendom against the indictment which such a picture furnishes against them for their inhumanity to man.

In the November "Cosmopolitan" Mr. William I. Fletcher presents a most encouraging account of the growth of the public library movement, in which this country is so far the leader as to make it almost distinctively an American movement. Our public libraries had their origin, says Mr. Fletcher, in the subscription libraries, of which Benjamin Franklin started the first. These subscription libraries, though limited in their usefulness to those meeting the dues, were nevertheless a powerful agency in extending the reading of books from the few to the many, and generally their establishment was due, in large measure, to a philanthropic purpose. Before the middle of this

century, in education-loving New England, the mere reaching of the many was felt to be unsatisfactory, and towns began to demand the establishment of libraries which should reach all. Peterborough, New Hampshire, in 1833, was the first town to use public money for this purpose. A few years later, in 1847, Boston applied to the Legislature for authority to levy a tax for library purposes. Since that date the movement has gone on and on, especially in New England, but at no time has it gained strength so rapidly as during the last few years. It was in 1891 that the Massachusetts Legislature established a State Library Commission to look after public library interests and to use a small State fund in starting libraries in some of the sparsely populated towns. At present "less than fifty of the three hundred and fifty towns in the State are without free libraries, and these towns contain but three per cent. of the people in the State." New Hampshire and Connecticut have established similar commissions, and New York has recently devolved like duties upon the University Regents. Mr. Fletcher presents statistically the growth of the public library movement. These statistics fail in that they take no account of the free libraries which are supported out of the school funds, and are thus by law, as well as by right, a part of the public school system. Very noteworthy, however, is the weakness of the public library movement in the "Middle" States as compared with the States from Ohio west. California has many more public libraries than New York. In the South the movement is weakest of all, but this is to be excused by the poverty of the South, and the great effort that section is making to establish a public school system. For the fewness of the public libraries of the Middle States there is no excuse so obvious.

GENERAL NEWS.—Honoré Mercier, ex-Premier of the Province of Quebec, who died at Montreal last week, was an adroit statesman and naturally a man of liberal political ideas; after the Riel Rebellion of 1885 he took advantage of the resulting race feeling to unite the Canadian French into one political party, and by it gained a leadership which he used as far as possible to conciliate the Catholics with the moderate Protestant party; the later years of his life were clouded by charges of official corruption through railway contracts; he was acquitted, but the charges were generally believed to have some foundation, and in going to the country for a political indorsement he was hopelessly defeated.—Recent news from the Mosquito Reservation shows that the Nicaraguans are in absolute control, and that most American and English merchants and traders have left the country.—In Peru, Seminario's guerrillas are still carrying on an active warfare, and business is almost entirely paralyzed.—The Pope presided at the recent opening of the Conference to consider union of the Eastern Churches with the Vatican, and regretted in his speech the absence of the Patriarch of the Armenians and the fact that "unreasonable jealousies of some of the Governments have prevented these reunions from having the large and solid results rightly expected from them."—The President has named Thursday, November 29, as National Thanksgiving Day.—Secretary Carlisle has caused the release of Mr. Morton's coachman (Howard), holding that he is a "domestic servant" within the meaning of the law, and that previous rulings to the effect that immigrants who come here under employment "strictly as domestic or personal servants" cannot be lawfully admitted into the country or permitted to remain unless they actually come with their employers, are incorrect.—The French Govern-

ment is to introduce resolutions in the Chamber of Deputies declaring war on Madagascar and asking funds to carry on hostilities.—John Walter, publisher of the London "Times," died in London on November 3, at the age of seventy-six; he was the eldest son of John Walter, second proprietor of the London "Times," and grandson of John Walter, the founder of the great English journal.



An Imperial Tragedy

Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, who died at Livadia on Friday afternoon last week, was in his fiftieth year, and had reigned thirteen years—about half the time of his father's reign. Never was the futility of assassination as an instrument of progress more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the taking off of Alexander II. The day before that terrible tragedy the White Czar had signed a charter conceding to Russia the parliamentary institutions so long and devoutly hoped for by progressive Russians, and at the very time when he fell, literally torn in pieces, copies of the proclamation were being printed on the Government presses. In that fatal hour it was the hand of the Nihilist that turned back the index finger on the dial of political progress in Russia. Like his father, Alexander III. was a man of great stature; but, unlike his father, he lacked physical distinction and intellectual force. He had the qualities and the defects of a giant. He was kind-hearted, indolent, careless and easy-going by nature, but the tragic circumstances and the terrible conditions which surrounded him imposed upon him a task for which he was not equal. He had the tastes, the virtues, and the qualities of the *bourgeois* class, and in private life he would have been a big, genial, kindly man, devoted to his wife, affectionate to his children, and just in all his relations. He hated show, disliked crowds, and the splendor of imperialism was alien to his tastes. When a great tragedy forced him suddenly to the front and the crushing weight of government suddenly fell upon him, he was not equal to the situation.

Born in 1845, he was twenty years old when his elder brother Nicholas died at Nice and he became the heir to the throne. He was then regarded as a young man of obstinate nature and capricious temper, and his education had been exclusively military. He was ignorant of science, of politics, of sociology, and of nearly everything else except the science of war; but he applied himself at once with the greatest resolution to the task of preparing himself to rule, and he manifested more wisdom and intelligence than he had been credited with. His marriage to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark was in every way a fortunate one, and the terrible shadow which has rested over the Imperial household during the last thirteen years only deepened the devotion of this royal but isolated husband and wife to each other. During the time when he was Czarewitch, from 1865 to 1881, Alexander was known to have decided liberal tendencies; but the bomb which deferred indefinitely the granting of parliamentary institutions to Russia turned the liberally inclined heir to the throne into the repressive Czar of the last thirteen years. It is said that one group of influential advisers urged with passionate earnestness upon the new Czar, at the moment of his succession to the throne, the duty of following in the path which his father had marked out, and of disarming revolutionary tendencies by publishing the ukase which had already been signed and printed. During that fateful night of March 13, 1881, it is said that the new Czar wavered between two paths; but his horror, his grief, and the natural timidity

of his nature decided him to take the traditional course of the Romanoffs rather than to follow the new line which his father had indicated. To have reformed the Russian Government under such circumstances, and to have dealt successfully with the terrible problems which faced the solitary and irresponsible ruler of that vast Empire, would have required a man of the strongest character and the largest intellect. No one outside of Russia can understand the tremendous hold of tradition, the material weight of the bureaucracy in that vast country, and the helpless condition in which a ruler finds himself who has to deal with so many races, with such a vast diversity of interests, with such an immense expanse of territory, and who, by the very conditions of his position, finds it almost impossible to ascertain the truth. It is the interest of the whole official body of Russia to keep facts from the Emperor, and it is almost impossible for the Emperor to learn the real state of things in any department.

Physically courageous but mentally sluggish and timid, the new Czar sought refuge in absolutism rather than a bold route out of his difficulties through liberalism. The most pathetic comment on his reign is the fact that for thirteen years the first duty of all the men who have surrounded him has been to secure his personal safety. There has never been an hour when either the Czar or his advisers have breathed freely. The possibility of death has surrounded him like a black cloud. No one knows, outside of official circles, how many attempts were made upon his life during his reign, but it is beyond question that those attempts were terribly frequent. The strain was too much even for the man who prided himself on being the strongest man in Russia. He has slowly succumbed and fallen at his prime, a victim to a system which imposes absolutely crushing burdens on the man who accepts it. The Czar of Russia is not only constantly exposed to that terrible danger which goes with vast and irresponsible power, and which turned the Cæsars into maniacs and tyrants, but he is also exposed to instant death. Under such circumstances, to rule Russia was a martyrdom; and the kindly and good-hearted Alexander III., with his limited intelligence and his inability to cope with his burdens, was a martyr to his position. It is improbable that he had personal knowledge of the many iniquities and oppressions that went on under his rule, but he could hardly have been ignorant of the iniquities of the Siberian prison system, and he was responsible for the expulsion of the Jews from Russia; it is not surprising that neither in Siberia among political prisoners, nor among the Jews, is there to-day any note of sorrow. In these directions the narrow temper of the man was clearly manifest. The thirteen years of his rule seem monotonous and characterless compared with the twenty-six brilliant years of his father's reign; but the Czar had one great virtue, for which Europe cannot be sufficiently grateful: he resolutely adhered to the policy of peace. Probably no one knows how great the pressure of the war party has been upon him at times, nor how alluring has been the temptation to adopt a more aggressive foreign policy; but the pressure and the temptation were alike resisted, and for thirteen years Europe has owed to Alexander III. in no small measure the continuance of peace and the postponement of that terrible conflict which everybody expects, but from which every Great Power shrinks. Pure in life, of unquestioned integrity, of thorough conscientiousness, and with a temper of almost heroic peacefulness, Alexander III. leaves behind him the memory of a good man overweighted by his position, and whose failures were due to his inability to discern and use his opportunities.

What is Protestantism?

Three times, I think, within the last six months, I have read in The Outlook that High Churchmen, if they were logical, would go over to Rome. It seems to me that High Churchmen may justly ask you to make good your assertion. You accuse them of being illogical and inconsistent, and of occupying a false position. You ascribe their continuance in a false position "to lack of courage or to an arbitrary arrest of motive on a perfectly obvious course."

We should all admit, I think, that the Papal supremacy is the crux of the Roman position. No one rejecting this could be a Romanist, and every one admitting it must be one. The Romanist holds that the Pope is, by divine appointment, the supreme ruler, under God, of the Church. The High Churchman holds that the collective episcopate is, by divine appointment, the supreme ruler, under God, of the Church. Will you kindly show what there is in the High Churchman's creed inconsistent with this tenet of it; and how his creed, outside of this tenet of it, logically requires him to acknowledge Papal supremacy?

E. A. W.

Great Falls, Montana.

In answering this question, let us premise that we cast no other reproach upon the High Church party than such as is involved in the implication that it is not logical. No obloquy, in our judgment, attaches to one for belonging to a communion which includes in its historic membership such saints as Fénelon, Madame Guyon, Thomas à Kempis, F. W. Faber, and Cardinal Newman.

What is the ultimate source of authority in religion? To this there are three answers: The Church, the Bible, the Conscience of the Individual. Two of these may be in some sense combined; but the three cannot be. One who maintains that the Bible is the ultimate authority may hold either that the Church or that the individual conscience is the final and authoritative interpreter of the Bible; but he cannot have two final and authoritative interpreters. He must either submit the decisions of the Church to the judgment of his own conscience, or the decisions of his own conscience to the judgment of the Church.

Now, the question, Which should be the final arbiter? was precisely that raised by the Lutheran revolt against Rome. Both Roman and Reformed divines recognized in the Bible a divine authority. But the Roman divine insisted that the Church must interpret the Bible and that the individual must accept the interpretation; Luther claimed that the individual had the right and the duty of interpreting the Bible, and must assume the responsibility for so doing. The text of one was, "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation;" the text of the other was, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

Between these two positions there is no *via media*. Cardinal Newman sought for it earnestly, through years of travail. His "Apologia" is a demonstration that no such middle way exists. It is evident none can exist. One Protestant may, in forming his own judgment, give more weight to the opinions of the Church than another; one Romanist may, in accepting the final word of the Church, give himself greater liberty in interpretation and application than another. But every man must sooner or later decide whether for him the final word of spiritual authority is without or within him, is the Church or is his own conscience. If to him the Church is the final authority, his principle is essentially the principle of the Church of Rome; if he is logical, he will follow it to Rome. If to him the final authority is the voice of his own conscience, his principle is that of Luther; and, if he is logical, he will follow Luther out into the spiritual freedom of Protestantism.

Our correspondent endeavors to find that much-desired but impossible "middle way" by affirming that the authority is vested in the Historic Episcopate, not in the Pope.

But if it is vested in the Historic Episcopate, then that body has the final authority itself to determine what is the function and office of the Bishop of Rome. And to separate one's self from that episcopate, or to accept a separation made by others in the past, because it has not decided according to reason and Scripture, is to assume upon a vital point the Protestant right of private judgment. The bishops in England, by assuming to decide, against the voice of the bishops of the Church at large, that the Bishop of Rome has no especial authority, do in fact decide that the final authority is not in the total Episcopate. If Christ created an organization on the earth, provided for its perpetuation, and made it his vicegerent, its voice on the question of the function of one of its own officers is final. To suppose that he has created three such bodies, that they are all three authoritative, and that they contradict each other upon vital points, is subversive of all authority of any description in matters of religious faith and practice.

The syllogism which leads the High Churchman logically to Rome is very simple, and from its conclusion there is no escape. It may be stated thus:

The Church is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. The Church has declared that authority to be vested in the Pope. Therefore the Pope is the final authority in matters of faith and practice.

One must deny either the major or the minor premise, or accept the conclusion. If he denies the major premise, he is a Protestant. If he denies the minor premise, he denies the final authority of the Historic Episcopate, since, beyond all question, the Roman Episcopate is in the line of the Historic Episcopate.

The Episcopal Church has come to the parting of the ways. It is where John Henry Newman was half a century ago. It cannot permanently remain in that self-contradictory attitude. The problem before it is fairly presented by the constantly repeated suggestion that it abandon the cognomen Protestant. It must either go forward, to recognize the individual conscience as the final judge, the real vicegerent of God, whose voice is always to be heard and obeyed, guided indeed, but not controlled or set aside, by the experience of other souls, whether of elect prophets in an elect nation preserved in the Book of Books, or of the common consciousness of Christ's disciples expressed in the faith of the Church; or it must turn back, reunite itself to the Roman and Greek communions, and recognize in this one great historical hierarchy the supreme authority, to which all loyal sons of the Church must bow.

The Resurrection

A recent editorial on "Death, Resurrection, and Evolution" has brought us a number of letters of inquiry, to which we give here brief response.

It is not possible to harmonize the various teachings of the Bible on the subject of the future life, except by recognizing in the religious teaching of the Bible a spiritual development. In the Old Testament there is no revelation of immortality, only here and there some gleams of hope. Life and immortality are brought to light by Jesus Christ, and it is in his teaching and that of the Apostles that we are to look for the final word on this subject, and in the interpretation of these teachings we are to be governed, not by the pictorial and enigmatic utterances, but by those which are clear and explicit. These clear and explicit utterances are such as these: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Any notion that life goes out when the body is laid away in the grave, to be revived again in

some future resurrection, denies this statement of Christ. "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." These last words of Christ upon the cross indicate an instant arising of the spirit to the Father in the moment of dissolution. Christ did not arise from the dead when the body came forth from the grave. He arose from the dead in the instant of death. The emancipated spirit then returned to the body, and the body issued from the grave simply to give the disciples ocular evidence of the resurrection which had previously taken place, and which always takes place in every death. "That where I am, there ye may be also." "To depart and be with Christ, which is far better." These are keys wherewith to interpret all Christ's and all Paul's utterances on this subject. To be with Christ is not to be in the grave, and it is not to be in some shadowy Hades awaiting a future emancipation. We repeat that these and kindred explicit utterances are not to be set aside or cast into the shadow by those which are enigmatical and pictorial. If Paul sometimes borrows the common Jewish and pagan notion of a shadowy Hades in which the soul awaits the uprising of the body from the grave, it is only that he may avail himself of this half-faith in a resurrection to teach the clearer and brighter Christian faith of a resurrection contemporaneous with death—a resurrection of the spirit, to which God will give a body as it pleaseth him.

Work without Waste

Not many months ago, in commenting on the death of a noted Englishman, the London "Spectator" spoke of the change of habit which had been forced upon him by the announcement on the part of his physician that his heart was seriously affected, and noted "the hush" which fell upon the man's life forever afterwards. It is unquestionably true that a great many valuable lives are largely wasted by a useless expenditure of nervous force, by restlessness, haste, and the physical excitement which are induced by the agitation of the body and of the brain. The hush which is imposed upon some men by the knowledge of a possibly fatal disease ought to be secured by all men of activity; for the waste of vitality comes not so much from work as from the leakage of haste and useless nervous action. There is an immense amount of activity which is generally regarded as intellectual, but which is purely nervous and which means nothing except ignorance of the laws of health and lack of self-control. The secret of prolonged and sustained working power is the husbanding of all vitality and the direction of it to a single end. The greatest as well as the most delicate machines work with the slightest possible loss of force, because they work with absolute steadiness and ease. A man like Darwin, who was an invalid for many years, accomplishes immense results by focusing his entire strength along one line and by living calmly and quietly in the prosecution of his tasks. Such a man refuses to be agitated or hurried by insignificant events and by uncontrolled emotions. He is steadied by the very magnitude of his task, and the concentration of his energy relieves him, in large measure, of the temptation to waste his power through a thousand obscure and useless rivulets. Fussy people are rarely effective people. The greatest executive force goes with a certain calmness and absence of hurry, and it is a significant fact that the people who accomplish the most always seem to have leisure. The habit of working without waste is fortunately one which can be cultivated, and which, after once being consciously adopted, becomes the natural method of work.

Dean Hole on Religious Topics

An Interview with Gilson Willetts

BEYOND the threescore-and-ten milestone; broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and three and a half inches taller than an ordinary six-footer; garbed in ecclesiastical broadcloth, with long leggings meeting his knickerbockers just above the knee; a smooth-shaven face framed in gray hair, yet retaining the fire of youth; a face alive with an interest in human affairs; eyes now twinkling with fun, now bedimmed with pathos; lips and chin firm, yet with the quality of mercy—such is Dean Hole, in the vestments of a high dignitary of the Church of England, with the broad brow and bent shoulders of a scholar, yet with the stature of an athlete and the ease and grace of a man of the world.

The Dean is here on a long vacation, during which he will lecture on live questions, including the Church, literature, art, agriculture, impostors, bores, and other disagreeable people. Besides being a lecturer, he is eminent as a pulpit orator, author, wit, and friend of the workingman. He was the intimate of Thackeray, Dickens, and Tennyson. His accent and intonation are those of an English gentleman, but there is none of the too frequent affectation in speech of the English clergyman. He talks on current religious topics; you ask a question or two now and then, but he knows what you want.

Speaking of the steady progress of the Church of England during the last half-century, he says: "But the Church of England is now divided into three parts: High, Low, and Broad. The High is subdivided into extreme ritualists and those quite content to obey simply the strict letter of the Prayer-Book. The Low Church has decreased in numbers, yet it still has great power. The Broad? Well, I have no very great regard for the Broad Church. Their teaching is indefinite and they are apt to rely too much upon their own wisdom and to patronize others. But, really, I do not care for their sympathy.

"The Church of England, of course, is confronted with some perplexities as well as encouraged by progress. The temperance question, for example, is a matter of vigorous discussion. Some determine on total abstinence, but the larger portion, to which I belong, believe simply in temperance. We believe that drunkenness can be cured, not by restraint, but by spiritual influence and common sense. I am unable to see why I should shave my head because another man has water on the brain. Drunkenness is, through the efforts of the Temperance Society, greatly on the decrease in England.

"The Sunday question is another subject of discussion. Some would regard it as a Jewish Sabbath to be rigorously kept apart from all recreation. Others view it as the Lord's Day, and would observe it as a festival with a proper mixture of worship and innocent enjoyment. As for myself, I advocate the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday. We can easier lead a man to the house of God from exhibitions of the beautiful than from the public-house.

"No! I do not like a man who does not work. The leisure class in England is fast becoming an extinct monster. The time when even the people of middle classes regarded it as a shame that their sons should go into busi-

ness is past. Now even members of the nobility are all in business and are glad of the opportunity to make a decent living.

"I would never have taken this long vacation had I not been able to make arrangements to lecture while here. So, while my chief object in coming is to see America, I have another object—that of raising money by my lectures to complete the architectural restoration of the Rochester Cathedral. The Cathedral has the oldest Norman nave in England. It is one of the first specimens of ecclesiastical architecture which one sees after landing at Liverpool. Some restorations have been attempted and partially carried out, but we need much more money. Many thousand pounds have been expended in the restoration thus far, and we need to spend many thousand pounds more. We have a very ugly tower, which was added to the Cathedral about sixty years ago. We hope to bring that into some sort of consonance with the original lines of the Cathedral itself.

"Regarding the general result of the attempt at restoration of ecclesiastical architecture in England, I think it has been successful almost universally. I can think of only one instance where it has not—that is in the restoration of St. Albans. I believe that in most instances the architects have carried out the original lines of their long-ago predecessors."

Here the Dean suddenly changes the subject, to ask



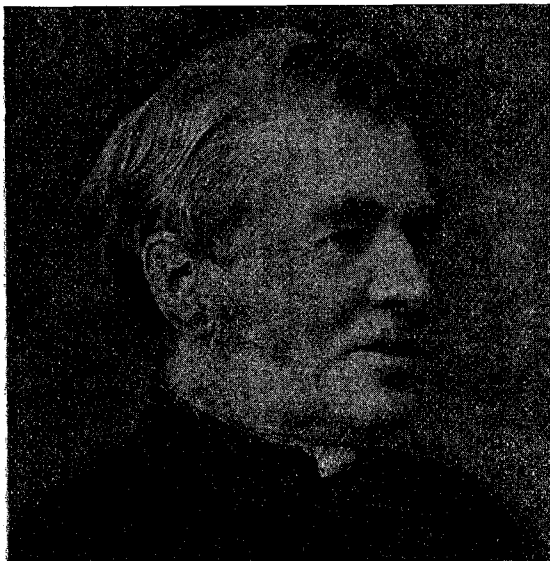
The Deanery and Rochester Cathedral

how cremation is regarded in America. "With horror," is the reply, and the Dean says: "Exactly the case in England. It is repulsive to all but a few cranks. Cremation is making but little progress in England, as the Church has found no authority for it either in the old volume or the Testament. Advocates of cremation find no favor among Christians whose belief has always been that the body should be restored to the dust whence it came, and that the graves of the dead should be consecrated and revered as in the days of the patriarchs. And these, I believe, are the ideas entertained by Christians throughout the world.

"Now with regard to Dissenters, who, by the way, seem to have formed a sort of 'Union' in opposition to the Church, I am of the opinion that the more progress the Church makes, the greater becomes the spirit of—shall I say emulation? among Dissenters. The attitude of the Church towards Dissenters is one of toleration; yet it is

the general conviction of earnest men that, while it is mutual toleration, it is better for each to do his own work with the Divine Master in his own way, so long as all join in the holy faith, the unity of spirit, the bond of peace, and the righteousness of life.

"As for the union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome—well, hardly! I doubt if there will ever be a union; it seems impossible just at present, anyway,



The Very Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole, D.D.,
Dean of Rochester.

for, on the one hand, the Romans will not acknowledge the validity of the Anglican orders, while, on the other hand, the English Church will not accept the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, and other dogmas."

Drifting into the relation of the Church to the labor question, the Dean continues: "I believe the chief ambition and highest hope of those who love the Church best and are working most heartily for it is to make their Church once more, by winning back the working classes to her, what she was for fifteen hundred years—the Church of the English people. Every year shows some new development in plan and effort to win back the working classes, to prove to them that the Church is no respecter of persons, that her gates are free and open to all, and, in the words of Bishop Cleveland Coxe, she has never a son to honor before the rest. One of the most effectual plans toward this end was the abolition of the pew system: instead of dividing a church as you divide a train over here, into Pullman palace cars and ordinary coaches, our pews are now open to all alike. Special services are now held for the workingman, and Saturday nights our cathedral is crowded. Just what the Church of England is doing for the workingman in the way of organized help is evident in our Church Institutes, our Workingmen's Clubs, and the public parks. As for ceremony, observance of the ritual, and what might be called 'stage business'—well, unless it is perfectly sincere, the people will have none of it.

"Regarding the drama, I believe that all good people should give encouragement to those actors and actresses who try to elevate the stage, and push to one side those who degrade it. The Church, I am sure, has a high regard for the theater as a factor in the teachings of morality when the right plays are presented. I have had occasion to read a large number of English plays, and I find them all teaching the triumph of virtue. If vicious plays are presented, they are what the public want, so, after all, why should we blame the actors? What are they to do? They earn their living; they must give the public what it demands. All the more praise and honor, then, to the manager who produces a clean and moral play while the public is clamoring for plays that degrade.

"Yes, I am a lover of horses and horse-racing, and I do not see why the sport should not be indulged in by the working people. I see no reason why horse-racing should

not be like cricket or any other game. But I am not in favor of horse-racing as at present conducted in England. I do not like blacklegs, gamblers, or thieves, and I must say that the way in which horse-racing is now conducted is a shame and a disgrace. It is a noble pastime, a noble sport which has been degraded by money-makers, by charlatans, and by reprobates, until it has become so that it is a mere money-making institution. I will repeat that I see no reason why the turf should not become as cricket is, an international pastime and recreation, free from the foul influences of money-makers.

"Regarding the woman question, which you have been agitating over here, I see no reason why a woman who owns property and pays taxes upon it should not be allowed to vote as to the disposal of those taxes which she has paid. And as for Home Rule—yes, I favor it, but Mrs. Hole won't allow me to practice it!"

Speaking, as he comes to the door with you, of the Church and politics, the Dean concludes: "It is the rule of the Church to keep clear of politics until a hand is laid upon her, till political weapons are actually turned upon her; then she is bound to defend herself. She will, of course, defend her interests and protect that which belongs to her. But, really, the Church has no fear either of disestablishment or of disendowment. No political party can disestablish truth, nor disendow the teachings of Christ."



The Great Textile Strikes

By Alex MacColl

Editor of the New Bedford (Mass.) "Evening Journal"

The recent strikes in Fall River and New Bedford have some features of interest which are not likely to be gathered from the news reports. These strikes closed 86 mills for eight weeks, threw 30,000 operatives out of employment, and withdrew from circulation a weekly pay-roll of about \$200,000. In the eighth week a compromise was arrived at with all the New Bedford operatives, on the basis of one-half the reduction of wages originally proposed, it being agreed that the final outcome of the fight should be that reached in Fall River. Three days later a compromise was reached with the Fall River spinners on a similar basis, the final outcome to be determined by market conditions in sixty days. No concession was offered the other Fall River operatives, but all returned to work, under protest, except the weavers, who for two weeks longer kept silent one-half the looms of the city. The mills of both cities are now running as usual, and interest is centered upon the movements of the cloth market. Its condition sixty days from the settlement in Fall River will determine the future wages of all the operatives.

The most apparent fact about these strikes is that their origin lay deeper than the reduction—averaging ten per cent.—against which they were immediately a protest. They are the outcome of the conviction on the part of a large majority of the operatives that there exists among the manufacturers, or a controlling number of them, a disposition to be unfair to the operatives, to keep their wages down to the lowest possible point, and, in some cases, to oppress, wrong, and rob them. There is every indication that but for this feeling these strikes would not have taken place.

In support of their position, the operatives point, for one thing, to the decline of wages during the last decade, and to the fact that reductions made and accepted on promise of restoration when better times came have not been fully restored. The weavers of New Bedford claim that the same amount of work now brings the weaver 30 per cent. less than it did ten years ago. The spinners claim a net reduction of about 15 per cent. in the same period. In this connection it is a singular fact that an inconsiderate rule of arithmetic often works to the disadvantage of the operatives. If the wages of an operative are reduced ten per cent., and later the "ten per cent. is restored," this is supposed to bring him back to his original position. But in reality it does not. If he made ten dollars a week—

much more than an average wage—before the reduction, he makes nine dollars under its operation, and only \$9.90 when the 10 per cent. restoration is made. Net loss, ten cents. The same thing happens if the manufacturer, in the goodness of his heart, makes a voluntary increase of ten per cent., and later takes it back. The operative loses, as before. So that it actually pays to make an increase, if it can only be taken back soon enough.

But the average operative does not go much into either history or percentages. The grievances that stir him are those that are nearest and most apparent to him. Not least among them is the manner in which reductions have been made. Both in Fall River and New Bedford posters worded as follows announced the latest reduction:

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given of a reduction in the wages of the operatives employed by this corporation, to take effect Monday, Aug. 20, 1894.

Details of prices to be paid will be furnished by overseers.

Aug. 13, 1894.

It will be observed that the extent of the reduction is not stated. The operative is left in ignorance of his future wages. If he applies to the overseer when the notice is posted, the usual answer is, it is claimed, either a plea of equal ignorance or a snub. The advantage of this indefinite form of notice to the manufacturer is apparent. The comparative strength of the unions, the probability or improbability of resistance on their part, are factors to be considered in determining how much each class of operatives is to be reduced. By posting an indefinite notice, the extent of the several reductions need not be determined till the probable effect of each has been discounted.

Another cause of trouble has been the evasion by the mills of laws passed at the instance of the operatives. The manufacturers concede that this has been done, excusing it on the ground of business necessity. One instance was the Fines Bill, which was passed to restrict the fining of operatives for imperfect work, a system said to have been much abused in some mills. This bill, made law after a long, hard fight, was rendered valueless by the adoption of a grading system, under which varying prices were paid for work of different grades. The effect was that sums previously deducted by fines were now deducted by classing the work in a lower grade. Later the Fines Bill was declared unconstitutional, and the courts fell into the same disfavor as the employers.

The latest instance of this evasion of law, and the one now most prominent, is the "Particulars" law. This law provides for the furnishing to the operative of certain particulars of his work which enable him to detect such dishonest devices as the "lengthening" of cuts—making the operative weave some yards more cloth than he is aware of. It is conceded that measures of this sort have sometimes been adopted to offset increase of wages, to increase profits, or to reduce wages in a manner less likely to cause friction than a reduction in price. At first this bill was bitterly opposed by the manufacturers, who claimed that the particulars proposed to be furnished would be the means of giving away "trade secrets" to rival concerns. This was answered by the assertion that in England the particulars asked are freely given without injury to the employers. Later the opposition seemed to weaken, and it was whispered that the manufacturers did not really care much about the law. The reason was not suspected until, quickly following its enactment, a notice was posted in the mills that thereafter wages would be paid by the pound. Then the reason for indifference became clear. The law provided that the particulars which the manufacturers did not wish to give should be furnished to operatives "paid by the piece, cut, or yard." By a simple change in the method of payment—paying by the pound operatives previously paid by the piece, cut, or yard—the law was rendered inoperative. It was on August 6 that the notice which meant the evasion of this law was posted in the mills of New Bedford. A week later came the announcement of a reduction in wages. This was the last straw. Either without the other would probably have been passed over, but the combination was too much for the operatives, and the

strike was declared. This double misfortune also did much to mold public sentiment into sympathy with the operatives. This was especially noteworthy in New Bedford, a city whose wealthy and conservative citizens are usually disposed to sympathize with the employers in labor troubles. But in this case popular sentiment was with the operatives to a surprising degree. An additional reason for this was that the tariff bill, containing a cotton schedule drafted by manufacturers of this section, had just passed. There was a feeling that it was ill-timed to reduce rates maintained through months of depression, at a time when hope was just beginning to dawn. This popular sentiment did much to bring about the mutual concession which ended the New Bedford strike and paved the way for the settlement in Fall River.

Under the compromise arrangement which has started the mills, certain particulars are now furnished the weavers, but they are not those contemplated by the law. They have, however, been accepted by the weavers pending a renewal of the fight at the State House next session.

The especial deference paid by the manufacturers to the spinners—one of the smaller bodies of the operatives—has been a noteworthy feature of the strikes. At the various conferences with the employers only the spinners were represented, and in Fall River a five per cent. concession was offered to the spinners to end the strike, but no concession was made the other operatives. The reasons are that the spinners' unions of the two cities represent all the spinners employed in the mills, while the other unions represent only a part of the help of their class; that there is a total of over \$60,000 in the treasuries of the two unions—the big corporations have been known to borrow money from the spinners—and that their leaders are especially capable and conservative men. In giving special recognition to the strong unions and slighting the weaker, the manufacturers have given the operatives an argument for organization of which their leaders have taken full advantage.

The strikes furnish evidence of the fact, revealed in many of the great industrial troubles of the day, but still so often contested, that the leaders of the strikers are often more pacific than the men they lead. In Fall River the Secretary of the Spinners' Union, the Hon. Robert Howard, formerly a member of the State Senate, and now a candidate for Congress, was visiting his old home in England when the strike broke out; but on his return he at once set about to effect a settlement, and it was in response to what was called "the speech of his life" that the spinners voted to accept the compromise offered them. In New Bedford the same position is held by Samuel Ross, a member of the Legislature, and a young man of modest and pacific demeanor, who enjoys the respect of the entire community. Both at the beginning and progress of the strike his influence was exerted in the direction of peace, but the men voted war. The attitude of the employers to conservative leaders like Ross is one of the hopeful features of the industrial situation. The Treasurer of the Wamsutta Mills, the largest cotton corporation in the country, speaking of this labor leader to a member of the State Board of Arbitration, said, "Mr. Ross is a gentleman, and we shall be glad to have him come here at any time and discuss the interests of our employees."

Another feature of these strikes was the efforts made by the Mayors of both cities to bring their official position to bear in the direction of peace, somewhat after the manner of Lord Rosebery's work in England. The example was set by Mayor Brownell, of New Bedford, who, on the day following the strike, invited representatives of the manufacturers and operatives to meet with him and confer as citizens, to the end that the calamity threatening the city might be averted, if possible. All the labor unions were represented at the session, but the only representative of the corporations was the Hon. W. W. Crapo, President of the Wamsutta Mills. The absence of the mill managers—Mr. Crapo not being a practical mill man—displeased the operatives and prevented any immediate result. But the conference cleared the air and prepared the way for the peacemaking that came later. In the last week of the

strike, Mayor Coughlin, of Fall River, sent a letter to the manufacturers' association directing attention to the destitution resulting from the strike, and asking that the mills be opened. A few days later a compromise was offered to the spinners and the mills were opened.

The State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation figured in the New Bedford strike, attending the Mayor's conference at his invitation, and later calling a conference on its own account, which the manufacturers again did not attend. But separate conferences were held, and as a result the Board issued a letter of advice calling for a settlement upon lines in part similar to those adopted. In the direction of conciliation the Board did good service.

It is generally conceded that good, other than the beneficial effect upon the market, has resulted from these strikes. For one thing, it is believed that notices of reduction will hereafter be more definite. The opinion has recently been expressed by prominent representatives of both sides that there would have been no strike, in New Bedford at least, if the representatives of the operatives had been called in by the mill officials, and in open and candid conference told that a reduction was to be made, its extent, and its cause. This is probably a step further than is likely to be reached at once in most mills, but there is every indication that notices so indefinite and trouble-making as those hitherto used will not again appear. Another good result is that some at least of the manufacturers will confine their efforts hereafter to opposing the passage of legislation objectionable to them, and will not again consent to nullify the laws of the State. The worst feature of such action, from the standpoint of the public good, is that its tendency is to increase indifference to law, and to excuse and encourage such sentiments as that of a good-hearted fellow who said to the writer: "When a poor man defies the law, it is anarchy and the jail; but when a mill treasurer does it, it is all right." Still another good result is that some of the mill officials whose reputation for treatment of the operatives is bad are being frowned upon by the other manufacturers not less than by the operative; for it is coming to be recognized, as one mill agent expressed it the other day, that "it is our own black sheep who bring upon us a large part of this trouble."

In pleasant contrast with the friction recently so abundant are the existing conditions in six of the New Bedford mills—those under the direction of Mr. William D. Howland. Mr. Howland was absent when the decision to reduce wages was arrived at, and the notices were posted in his mills as in the others. On his return, believing the cut-down to be unnecessary, he had them withdrawn, and the mills continued to run. When the strike settlement was reached, the operatives offered to have the five per cent. reduction take effect in his mills as in the others. Mr. Howland told them that no reduction would be made for the present. It is a novelty for an employer to refuse to reduce wages, even temporarily, at the suggestion of his employees; but it is in line with the general policy of this mill-treasurer, who, by building model tenements for his operatives and in many kindred ways, has shown it to be his belief that the proper relation of employer and employee is that of associates in business enterprise, from which the best results can be achieved only when each is considerate of the other's interests. Mr. Howland disclaims any philanthropic intention in the conduct of his enterprises, and the newspaper notoriety which his action has recently occasioned is very distasteful to him. He believes it is simply good business policy to treat the help as liberally as possible. The results seem to justify his opinion. There have never been any strikes in these mills, and, if the present temper of the employees indicates anything, there are not likely to be any.

It is not the man with a motive, but the man with a purpose, who wins.—*Dallas News*.

To judge human character rightly a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.—*Bulwer*.

The Charioteer

By Amos R. Wells

O God, take the reins of my life!
I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest black of the night.
O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the tear-drops to start,
And the worn horses reek
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy harness's smart,
While I am all weary and weak.

But thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and thine eye on the way
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to stay,
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it comes to obey;
For thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason remains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow
And pour coldness and stillness through all the mad course
of my veins—
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield thee my place, which is thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;
Yea, appoint me to lie at thy feet, and no more,
While the glad axles shine,
And the happy wheels run on their course to the heavenly
door,—
Now thou hast my place, which is thine.



Camping Out in Asia Minor

By Ida W. Prime

Mount Argæus, the highest mountain in Asia Minor, 13,000 feet high, is situated near Cæsarea. The main peak is continually covered with snow, and is surrounded by smaller ones and little hills on all sides. There is a legend that the giant who built this mountain intended building it much higher, but, while carrying the earth in baskets, the bottom of the basket fell out, and the contents formed the smaller peaks. Another explains why snow remains on it throughout the year. When Noah was sailing in the Ark, the keel struck against Argæus, which shock caused great commotion among the passengers and so enraged Captain Noah that when he saw the rock beneath he cursed it with everlasting snow. And the people of Cæsarea have no wish to have the curse removed, for this great mountain is their pride and glory, supplying them with cooling streams and offering grateful respites among its hills from the intense heat of the city.

Mount Tekir, one of the "droppings" of the giant's basket, 8,000 feet high, was our chosen camp-ground, and on a hot July day the party emigrated from Cæsarea. The procession was led by a horse so highly packed with bedding that he might have been taken for a walking bed; two women servants found a comfortable mount on two such laden horses, and for a long ride they were better off than those in saddles, as they enjoyed the freedom of a divan.

Everything needful to housekeeping could be found in this caravan, from a load of wood to a kitchen stove and cooking utensils. The several hostlers acted as engineers in increasing the speed or whistling down brakes, and an old Turk acted as rear guard in charge of several heavily

laden donkeys. The freight was immediately succeeded by the passenger train of ten saddle-horses. The gentlemen had saddle-bags overflowing, and the ladies numerous satchels and baskets tied to the pommels. A father had a sling of stout cloth about his neck in which he carried his baby; and a very comfortable journey the baby had, sleeping all the way. The older children rode fore or aft of some one, as the construction of the saddles best suited.

Our journey continued up one barren hillside and down another, at all possible angles of ascent and descent, and all degrees of roughness; but the horses of the country, so often maligned for their bad tempers and gaits, are extremely sure-footed, and never slip. When a narrow path led around a steep mountain-side, with precipice beneath, we wondered why the horses persisted in walking on the extreme edge rather than hugging the mountain-side. The reason was that they were pack-horses, and, when packed on both sides, the inner pack compelled them to walk on the very edge.

After six hours' riding at a very slow rate, we reached the camp at sunset, with the afterglow still on old Argæus. Between the settlement of six tents ran a most fascinating brook, which served no end of uses. The first and uppermost use was the drinking-water supply; below, it was widened into a dish-pan and wash-tubs, and further down were many individual wash-basins lined with white stones. No water was ever more sparkling and clear, and, no matter what was taking place in the laundry, a shout to suspend work being given, in five minutes the water was running in your private lavatory clean and clear. By the kitchen tent, in open air, stood the stove, a sheet-iron one made expressly for this purpose—the pet and pride of the camp—and it produced the most appetizing food, with the help of the Armenian cook, in a big American straw hat which displaced the fez in this mountain-top open-air cooking. He was a hard-worked man, as appetites increased with the altitude.

The one lack was the absence of trees, and the only vegetation visible was a low growth of tragacanth tufts, which the people gathered for fuel. And yet the days were not hot in this shadeless spot, owing to the cold air from the snow above us. Our views were not extended, as we were mountain-bound on all sides, except as we looked at Argæus five thousand feet above, and still further into the boundless depths of blue sky, with its white airy clouds.

The gentlemen were all requested to explore Argæus one day, so that the ladies might try the native way of washing with the feet. A large, smooth stone was so placed that the water ran over it; the clothes were placed thereon, and, instead of washing with the hands, the dirt was danced out with the feet. The wash-step was very difficult—a heel and toe, with roll and toss movement. The practice necessary to acquire it, retain one's balance on the slippery stone, and do the work satisfactorily, proved too difficult for Western ladies, and made them quite contented with modern laundry appliances of the Occident.

The exploring party brought a favorable report, and a party of five started the next morning for a climb up Mount Argæus. The climbing was hard; there were no paths, and our route lay over loose, rolling stones.

The scouts told of a fine stream they had seen the day before, where we could quench our thirst and gather wild flowers. We found the flowers, but only the empty bed of the stream; where was the water? Several conjectures were given—a volcanic eruption or cracks in the river-bed. As we stood wondering, we noticed a tiny stream of water appear, which increased each moment, and in ten minutes it became the roaring, rollicking mountain stream we had heard of from the spies.

The mystery cleared up with the sun; there had been no convulsion of nature, but only the daily conflict between the Ice King and the Queen of Day, in which the Queen conquered in half a day's battle. We called the stream the "Twelve O'clock River," and followed it to its source and saw where its many rivulets ran from the regions of ice. We were now in the crater, with quantities of

pumice-stone and lava lying about—for Argæus has a large extinct crater.

The ladies remained here, quite contented to snowball each other 10,000 feet up in Asia Minor, while the gentlemen pushed on for the summit, which they did not reach, as the climbing became too dangerous from falling stones. A fine lump of ice was broken off with our Asiatic alpenstocks, and a train of thought connected it with a lump of maple sugar in a trunk in camp; the result was a "sugaring off" in the evening by a camp-fire, and we found the combination of New York State maple sugar waxed on Asiatic ice very fine.

As we cracked the amber crystals and told of our day's tramp, we listened to a tale of Mount Argæus which made us thankful for a safe return. It was said that a very rare plant grew only on Mount Argæus, guarded by a watchful serpent who slept only one hour out of the twenty-four. A traveler, hoping to find it in the sleeping hour of the dragon, failed in the attempt and was destroyed.

As we sat by the camp-fire of tragacanth bushes, Ali, a Turk, told of witches, and how they jumped through fire unharmed; and in the weird light he told stories which sound much funnier in Turkish than in English.

A donkey brayed, and reminded him of a story of Narred-din-Hodja, who is the celebrated Turkish wit.

A man came to borrow Narred-din-Hodja's donkey, and was told that the donkey was away from home. Just then the donkey brayed.

"But you said he was away, and I hear him bray," said the man.

"My dear sir," said the Hodja, "do not demean yourself so low as to believe a donkey rather than myself, who am a fellow-man and a venerable Hodja with a gray beard."

This story was so good that we asked for another.

When Narred-din-Hodja taught school, he told his little boys that whenever he sneezed they were to clap their hands and say, "God grant you long life, Hodja." One day he fell in the well; the boys showed great presence of mind, threw him a rope, and began pulling him up, but just as he reached the top of the well he sneezed, and the obedient boys, thinking of the letter of the law and not its spirit, dropped the rope in clapping their hands as they shouted "God grant you long life, Hodja," and down he went to the bottom of the well. The second attempt at rescue was successful, and the angry Hodja could only swallow his wrath, as his teachings had been strictly followed.

Our camp was increased by an American Consul and his cavass, who pitched their tent across the brook. The cavass was the only well-dressed person among us, and he looked with constant disapproval at our poor clothes. The Consul lost his respect the moment he donned his camping costume, and the dejected cavass spent the days polishing his sword and brass buttons and brushing the Consul's good clothes.

The patriotism of this American camp on the heights of Asia Minor waxed warm as we read aloud "Our Country," which had just been published.

Two weeks of this delightful mountain life passed too quickly, and we descended to the city with "our souls squeezed," as the Turks say when they wish to express the deepest regret and sorrow.



Hints for Readers

Will you kindly suggest a few best books to read as a preparation for visiting England and Scotland? Also the same as to France and Germany. Please do not give a long list, but a few of the best.
P. G. K.

Baedeker's Handbooks, Freeman's "Primer History of Europe," Turner's "Short History of Art," Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh," Emerson's "English Traits," Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "English Cathedrals," Hare's "Walks in London," De Amicis's "Studies of Paris," Granville Murray's "Round About France," Baring-Gould's "Germany, Past and Present," and Sidney Whitman's "Imperial Germany."



The Spectator

Not very many years ago the Spectator was gliding up the Hudson in one of our palatial river steamers, and, being in a communicative frame of mind, he indicated to some of his fellow-travelers points of interest among the Highlands. "There's King's Ferry; there's Stony Point; there, Fort Montgomery; there, Fort Clinton; there, Fort Putnam—all celebrated in Revolutionary annals. There's Dunderberg; there's Crow's Nest; there's Storm King." The Spectator perhaps added something about the "Culprit Fay," and quoted from N. P. Willis, and so on, when the quiet man said to him: "You seem to know the names of the mountains near the river. Have you ever explored these hills back for any distance? Do you know Bockberg and Boulderberg? Have you ever visited the Forest of Dean? Have you seen the view from Bear Hill or Mount Rascal? Do you know Smoky Hollow or Canaan Hollow? Have you ever fished in Popolo Lake, or hunted bees in the Aleck Meadow? Do you know Deer Hill and the Storm King Club?"

The Spectator's answer was brief, but he has since made amends for his ignorance and has discovered ideal territory. The Highlands of the Hudson stretch from Dunderberg on the south to Storm King on the north, and extend many miles westward—a series of wooded slopes, rugged mountain-tops, and shady hollows, dotted with many ponds and little lakes, and all practically a *terra incognita* to the city folk. Facing the river on a spur of Storm King, with all the Catskill range in sight for sixty miles, and twenty-five miles of river, and fertile Orange County below it to draw upon for its supplies, and all the wilderness behind it to lend a charm, the Spectator found the Storm King Club, and has since been a frequent visitor there. There is a charm of restfulness in the summer, and even in winter, when the snow-drifts are piling without, there is cheer, comfort, and goodly fellowship within.

From Storm King a half-hour's drive takes him to the river, where in canoe or rowboat he sails or glides on the Moodna, or, landing, explores the old fortifications on Plum Point. A walk through the woods or a horseback ride carries him from lake to lake or from mountain to mountain—sometimes for a half-dozen miles without seeing a house. But it is such a satisfaction, after a day's outing, to return to a bright fireside and genial companionship and a comfortable bed! The Spectator can now say that he has shot partridges in Canaan Hollow, caught black bass in Popolo's, and watched the bees work in the Aleck Meadows. And the whole—bees, bass, bed, and bright fireside—less than sixty miles from New York's brick and mortar! But how do bees "work," and how are they hunted? Join the Spectator and let us set out. It is a morning in late September. The fog still lingers on the distant Hudson, but up here the sun is shining, and—was it?—yes, there it goes again—the note of Canada's nightingale—the white-throated sparrow. His whistle is a bit more plaintive than when the Spectator heard him at home on Peribonka in August. He is here but a bird of passage on his journey southward. Can it be that he is homesick for "*La-a belle Can-a-da*?"—for this is what the French-Canadians declare to be the burden of the song. The grass is wet with dew. Never mind; we must catch the first bee, and by nine o'clock we must be in the uplands—too far away to be bothered by "tame bees" from Canterbury or Cornwall. Up along Black Rock Brook we go—up to its head in the Aleck Meadows; no meadows now, but abandoned years ago by some sturdy mountaineer.

We open our pail, take out our cup with its shingle cover, and are on the lookout for our bee. The early frost has spared the goldenrod in places, and the dainty asters are still unscathed. Ah! there he is! No; that bee is only carrying pollen. See its loaded thighs—it will not give up its allotted task even for honey. But here's one with no pollen. Yes, but he is a drone. See his short, thick body and large wings set wide apart and projecting from his trunk! He is not good for our purpose—he

is too lazy. No, that is a wasp (*vespa vulgaris*). See if his face is brown or yellow; if yellow, he cannot sting—he is "not built that way;" he is a drone, too—no drones sting; but only his face will tell you that he is harmless. But here's a genuine honey-bee at last—a worker. She is not one of the aborigines, who are little black fellows. See those yellow stripes around the abdomen! She is an Italian bee. Last June the colony in Cornwall "swarmed," and they are now at home in some hollow tree in these mountains. Don't let your shadow fall on her—it'll frighten her away. She is all unconscious of our presence, and reveling in the aromatic sweets of goldenrod. There, we have her! She is skillfully tapped into the cup by the cover. Listen how angrily she buzzes!

There's a bit of honeycomb in the cup. Now she's still, and we can look at her. She has settled, and is deep with her proboscis in a cell. How she revels in this nectar which has come to her ready-made! Now we'll place the cup gently on this high stump while we lie on the grass, so that we can see her against the sky. She has been in there ten minutes. She should be full by this time—yes, there she comes—what a drowsy, contented hum she has!—she's at peace with all the world. She was a little "rattled" by her imprisonment in the cup, and has not her bearings yet. She circles slowly in widening rings, facing the cup. How plainly we see her against that cloud! Now she's off in a "bee line" for her tree. You saw her for a hundred yards, straight toward that big pine on the ridge over there. Now time her—she'll be back. They say it takes her as long to unload as to load, and we can get an idea how far away is her home.

Listen! What! back already!—the tree cannot be far away; but what an air of business now! We have not seen her, but that is she darting back and forward around our heads looking for the cup. She is traveling light. Her hum is at least an octave higher. Now she settles in the cup, and there's a companion following: two bees—we're in luck! This time they know where they are. When loaded they rise from the cup and dart away, without preliminary circling, straight toward that pine again. Up now, let us follow. Set your compass on the line and walk by it through the woods, if you're not a woodsman; if you are, you'll keep the line without it. We've now walked a mile and over; we've looked up every big tree that seemed hollow. Have we passed them, or shall we go farther? We left them working; let us go back and get a cross line. Substituting now a pail for the cup upon the stump, there are soon a number in it, for our guests have multiplied during our absence. We close the lid, imprisoning a half-dozen, and are off to that hill-top at right angles to our line. Now we let them fly—how they circle and circle! they've not only been imprisoned, but their dungeon has moved. No wonder it takes them a while to get their bearings! But soon they are off, and at least one has darted on a course which will cross the other line in that hollow down there. We know about where their tree is, and it is only a question of a few minutes to find it. In a large oak, fortunately near the ground, is a knothole. As we stand watching the tree, in there darts a bee—another—another. Then out come a dozen. Sound it with the ax—yes, it's hollow. To-morrow we'll come and "take it up." We'll bring a "face" with us, made of an elliptical wire dish-cover, with a veil of cloth around its rim to protect the head and neck. We can see, but cannot get stung. We will then block out a good square with the ax, and take out the honeycomb—perhaps twenty, perhaps sixty, perhaps one hundred pounds. It will be richer, darker, more aromatic than "tame honey." It has the aroma of the wild flowers in it, and perhaps that spiciness found only in something which your own skill has brought you—that was not bought with money.

The Spectator has no fierce desire to "go and kill something." He is not a mighty hunter; but a bee-hunt is exercise for limb and eye and brain, and not to be despised. It means a day of occupation in the glad sunshine, away from the noise of the city, or even the rural haunts of men. It means a nearer acquaintance with nature in one of her many forms.

The Home

The Test of Earnestness

James Russell Lowell, in a letter to a friend referring to the "Standard," an Abolition paper managed by an executive committee, writes:

"I feared that an uncoalescing partnership of several minds might deprive the paper of that unity of conception and purpose in which the main strength of every undertaking lies."

That sentence shows the insight of the writer, the conclusions of the close student of men and affairs.

It is imperative to the success of any work that it should be controlled, not merely by those who have congenial tastes, social affiliations, sympathetic aims, but by those who have an intellectual unity of comprehension of the object and the methods of attaining it.

In the Church and philanthropic world of effort this is being constantly proved. Men and women get together to advance a common cause, to begin a certain work, to build up a work of years, to discover "many men of many minds." The first difficulty revealed is the lack of unity of conception; this diversity of opinion is not confined to methods, but the very purpose is subjected to a diversity of opinion that must be overcome before the work can receive attention.

The highest, intellectually, are those who can detach themselves from personal opinions, ideas, or ideals, and can consider altruistic effort impersonally.

The first essential to success is unity of conception; when that is attained, there is hope of unity of effort.

Exclusiveness, social or spiritual, hopelessly limits success. The catholicity of spirit that expresses itself in the workers gauges the vitality and is the soul of every work undertaken either for the general good, the good of a class, or the good of a limited number in a class.

It follows, because workers are human, that mistakes must be made, that friction will disturb the machinery. Just in proportion as the workers see only the importance of the work, and its success, the friction will be reduced.

The test of intellectual and spiritual life in every one comes at the point when every consideration must be submerged in the larger one of the work to which he is pledged, when every feeling is controlled by his conception of the necessity of unity of mind and effort for the good of the work.



Mrs. Cheerly's Innovation

By Glin Burton

Mrs. Cheerly has instituted a novel entertainment for her little son and daughter to take the place of a large party which they have heretofore given in midwinter. Invitations have been issued to forty friends between the ages of eight and twelve to come promptly at nine o'clock each Saturday morning for six weeks and sing for one hour. An experienced kindergartner who excels in her musical department has been engaged to lead and train the merry chorus and to select the songs that shall be used, having them clearly printed upon neat sheets. A good pianist will accompany the happy little singers as they sit or sometimes stand in a semicircle before the grand piano, and mothers, if they choose to come, may listen in the hall. The songs are not too many, but greatly varied in their character—a kindergarten morning song, a sweet arrangement of "Our Father," some gay little melodies about the seasons, several charming motion

songs, one patriotic air, and a couple of nonsense ditties in the form of jolly rounds.

No attempt will be made at teaching a scientific use of the young voices, no command will be given to "contract the diaphragm and close the epiglottis"—to which direction by her teacher one of my little girl friends exclaimed: "Why, I haven't got any of those things!" Mrs. Cheerly says: "Just tell the children to breathe freely and then open their rosy lips and let the melody come out, and not too loudly, either, but as it easily can."

The result is most delightful to the listeners, and undeniably so to every member of the happy circle, if dancing eyes and smiling lips are any evidence. And the pleasure will continue long after the six sessions end, in sweet remembrance of their gatherings and in continued singing within all the homes of the pretty melodies they learn together.



A Kitchen

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

Ye mind me o' departed days.

Bang! bang! bang!

Mammy is making biscuits for supper. Nobody before or since has ever made such biscuits; but then no one else has Mammy's aggressive wrist-bone, nor need one desire it even with such results at stake.

The white, rosy dough is being dragged about on the board mercilessly, now molded into a round roll, now beaten flat with powerful strokes from the end of Mammy's flat-iron, until the skin of the mass blisters and breaks. Then Mammy throws aside her flat-iron to tear the dough into little lumps, which she kneads again into balls.

Now for Mammy's *chef-d'œuvre*, her trade-mark. With doubled-up fist and nice calculation she strikes each dough-lump square in the middle with aggressive wrist-bone, leaving a deep dent, which, in the baked biscuit, says plainly as with words—"Mammy *fecit*." There are still six small dents to be made in the dough by two vigorous fork-thrusts—but every kitchen turns out biscuits thus impressed; the deep middle dent, Mammy's dent, belongs to our home kitchen alone, and, alas! to that no longer. Mammy's wrist-bone, along with the rest of her faithful body, has long since returned to dust.

It is difficult to place Mammy.

She was not the family cook, though all special dishes were of her making; nor was she the nurse, though the family childhood had no more faithful watcher.

I think Mammy herself would have been puzzled to name her exact position in the household. The only white domestic under the roof, she was at once the kitchen tyrant and the faithful servant, the tried friend and helpful adviser, of her mistress.

The younger generation have smiled to see Grandmother mix a "toddy" with her own hands and send it down to the kitchen when, once in an age, the waffles or another such dainty failed, for some unaccountable reason, and came up to the table soggy and tough.

"Poor Mammy! I know she is ill with mortification. Take this to her, Ben, and tell her to drink it all herself."

The bond between kitchen and dining-room was very close then, closer than we can understand.

When Mammy made ginger-cakes, which was once a week, there was always on either side of her a high chair with a child in it, and each child had a bit of dough, a toy rolling-pin, and a thimble cake-cutter. The little cakes were baked in the spaces between the larger ones which Mammy cut, and surely none ever tasted so good.

But these privileges were all reserved for the latter part of the week. During the first of the week—known as the "cross days" by the children—the kitchen was a spot to be avoided. If it did happen during these busy early week days that a small figure was seen creeping near the forbidden door, Mammy's keen eyes pounced upon the intruder, and—

"In all the twenty-nine rooms in this house, can't you

children find any place to play but this one kitchen!"—and so on and so on, until retreat was secured.

Monday was wash-day; Tuesday, ironing-day; Wednesday, a kind of finishing-up day. After that the kitchen emerged from gloom and smiled once more. However clear a Monday broke, there was always, to childish minds, a sense of a heavy storm in the air. Tubs clattered, steam filled the room, suds flew, and wet linen swished about. The Monday-night work was to sprinkle down the piles of dried, fluffy clothes, and lay them in neat tight rolls on the back of the kitchen table.

Of their own election the dusky fair ones below stairs forbade the presence of admirers on Monday nights. When stately July, the waitress, walked down to the kitchen one black Monday evening to find her repeatedly warned "Jeames" there awaiting her, she set the tray of supper dishes she carried upon the table to stand before him with one short sentence:

"Sir, I beg your absence." And out sneaked Jeames.

July would narrate and re-narrate this history of Jeames's discomfiture to the children, for whom the tale had a curious fascination. In the end, however, Jeames was not discomfited.

Though Monday's washing demoralized all below stairs, it was not accomplished in the kitchen proper save on cold days. Outside the kitchen door was a great paved and covered space where the pump was and where the wash-tubs set ready ranged on wash-benches about the wall. The walls of this outside room were of brick, and broken by great brick arches that it was a joy to dart in and out of.

Here all the rougher work of the kitchen was accomplished, the chickens picked, and the heavy pots washed. The kitchen itself was—even on black Monday—neatness itself. Sometimes the children thought vaguely that a little less neatness might have been better than many of the black—very black—Mondays; and some of us, since childish days, still hold the same conclusion; but then this is the decadence of neatness. Fortunately, Mammy did not live to mourn the decline. Till her death the blue china stood immaculate on the upper shelves of the kitchen dresser, above the lower shelves filled with gleaming tins. The boards of the dresser and kitchen floor shone with cleanliness, the stove was as black and shiny as handsome July's face, and it was not necessary to rinse out any kettle before using it, though Mammy always did so as part of the general scheme.

Her kitchen pantry then was a daily pride, not a place to be hastily tossed into order before the weekly inspection.

In those days what mouth-watering dainties came out from that door! Plum cakes rich with age, all plums and citron and what not, with only flour enough about them to bind them together.

That lost kitchen pantry will not bear lingering over.

Nor will any of those who served the house, even the humblest, ever forget the packed Christmas baskets that came from the pantry shelves. There was a separate hamper for every butcher and baker that rang at the door for orders. But what the children of the old home probably remember better than anything else in that old kitchen pantry is, not the food it held or its neatness, but a private possession of Mammy's which she kept there.

To be caught needlessly whimpering by Mammy meant to be taken firmly by the hand and led to her cupboard, there to be silently shown two little china images, equally hideous, one with what was meant for a cherubic smile painted upon its inane face, the other with its features twisted into a fretful snarl. The obvious moral acted as a kind of irresistible tear-drier. No child wanted to look like that ugly image; and Mammy never weakened the effect by allowing us to play with these charmed fetishes.

So soon as tears ceased to flow, the pantry door was closed.

What has become of the images? Who knows?

More than the pantry door is closed. Faithful Mammy, the garret, the cellar, and the clean kitchen, are all gone, and, weep as fretfully as we may, no one now takes us firmly by the hand, or shows us any charmed fetishes whatsoever.

A Plea for the Kindergarten

The kindergarten system is threatened with many dangers, and, unfortunately, it is most threatened through the ignorance and indiscretion of its friends. The kindergarten system first and always is educational, not charitable. Unfortunately, a large percentage of people have the impression that the kindergarten system of training for little children is designed to take ragged and uncared-for children out of the streets and amuse and entertain them for two or three hours, and, if need be, furnish them with clothes that they may attend the kindergarten. The kindergarten system of education in this country has suffered, as only its truest friends can realize, through this mistaken apprehension on the part of many who think themselves qualified to establish and maintain kindergartens. The kindergarten system is designed to educate and develop little children—to train the whole child. Its first value to the neglected children in our community, or the children of the ignorant poor, is that it trains these children to be members of a little community working together to accomplish definite purposes. The punishment for infringement of rules, or of naughtiness, inflicted by a wise teacher, fits the crime. The child is not protected from the effect of his own ill-doing. That is the best kindergarten in which the public sentiment is educated to standards of morality and good manners that manifest themselves by disapproval of wrong-doing. The next value is in the training that it gives a child's senses. Sight, hearing, touch, are all trained in the kindergarten. It is an important matter, especially with Americans, to teach a child accurate habits of seeing and hearing. The imagination is quickened through games that train the child to realize interdependence. Physical as well as mental accuracy is the ideal.

Whoever imagines that sentimentality is the basis of kindergarten training knows nothing about it. She who establishes a kindergarten for poor children for the purpose of taking the children out of the street is doing the unkindest thing that she can do, both to the children and to the system which she imagines herself indorsing.

This ignorance of what the kindergarten is, this accepting it as a place to gather in the children of the poor for a few hours, has resulted in the employment of young girls, who have not had thorough kindergarten training, whose elementary education even is defective, and who have no ideals for the kindergarten, and confused ideas of its positive philosophy. The second evil, no less harmful, is that in these kindergartens the projectors are very apt to think that numbers mean success. They will look at you calmly and say that they have so many more children than they have chairs for; not long since one of these ignorant projectors announced with pride that "her" (?) kindergartner had charge of thirty-two children!

It is a physical impossibility for one woman to take charge of thirty-two children at any one time. In a kindergarten where so much of the work must be personally directed, it is entirely impossible for any woman, no matter what her abilities, to do anything for the children beyond keeping them comparatively quiet. The result is misconception of the system by all concerned, habits of inattention and carelessness formed at the most impressionable age, and nervous breakdown for the teacher. It is criminal to call such an organization a kindergarten. It is anything else but a kindergarten.

Another mistake too commonly made is permitting girls who have a desire to know something about the kindergarten, or who wish to use their time, to become assistants in poorly equipped kindergartens under still more poorly equipped kindergartners. A girl who can read might be able to go into a primary class-room and teach a number of children the alphabet and how to make figures; she might manage to maintain a certain kind of order; but it is impossible for an untrained girl to go into a kindergarten and, without direct oversight and professional training, to do anything but harm to the child. She may learn lessons of patience; she may learn lessons of self-control; she may even manage to teach a few kindergarten songs if she has a good voice; but no girl has any place in a kindergarten.

who has not been trained to the philosophy of the kindergarten, who has not studied psychology, who does not understand the spiritual signification underlying every gift and every game in the kindergarten. The kindergarten is for the children, not for young girls. Let us call these poorly equipped organizations "day nurseries," or, in the plain English words, "child garden"—that is, a place where little children are allowed a certain freedom and prevented from injuring each other, and guided through certain amusements. If we have any regard for the morality of language, or for the truth, let us protest vigorously against ill-equipped, ill-appointed, crudely managed games and work for little children being called kindergartens.

There comes to mind now a room with two tables of children. At one sat a young girl who had come in to assist. She had around her table eleven children. These children were partially up on the table and under it. At one end a most lively fight was going on, while this young girl sat at the other end of the table listening to the description of a party that one of these little ragamuffins had attended the day before. She was very much interested. When the child got through and sat down, the assistant began sewing a rabbit herself, and she was so interested in doing it that she entirely forgot the small child who had brought it to her for direction, finished it amid noise and confusion, and held it up exactly as though it were a piece of fancy-work that was engaging her attention in the privacy of her own room. At the other table sat a kindergartner. That was what she called herself, and she held a certificate; but the trainer who was responsible for giving that girl a certificate has one crime to answer for, for certainly the girl must have shown early in her training her utter inability to comprehend the very elements of the kindergarten training. She had twelve children at her table. They were using the second gift. She undertook to teach the children to count the corners of the square. The small boy at the other end of the table was tipped back, with his knees pressed against the table, and he counted beautifully with his eyes fastened on the ceiling. Not three children of the twelve paid the slightest attention to what the kindergartner was saying. The air in the room was enough to poison them all. It was heated by a stove, and, though it had six windows in it, all of them were closed. In the midst of her work the kindergartner gaped without even an attempt to cover her mouth, and in a few moments it was a comical sight to see the little children with their mouths stretched wide open, each of them affected by the air of the room and the manners of one who claimed to be a kindergartner.

Now is the time to protest against this kind of work, for the kindergarten system with us is still new. Let us see to it that the public is brought to an understanding of what it is. Let every one who values it as a system of education for little children have the courage to openly protest against the establishment of kindergartens for charity purposes. First, and always, the kindergarten stands for education. No kindergarten has a right to exist to-day that is not maintained for educational purposes.

Charity has its place in our social system, unfortunately, but it has no place in our educational system, except to provide means for the mental development of every child in the country under the best teachers. The kindergarten has its place at the foundation of every system of education; it lays the foundation of all that is to follow. It is most valuable to the children whose period of educational opportunity must be limited because of their wage-earning necessities. The period of early development spent under a trained kindergartner not only carries the child far in advance of the child who has not had his advantages, but it increases his wage-earning powers, because his faculties have been trained.

The following definition of "good" citizens is, unfortunately, true of too many: "The worst feature of the good citizen is his ignorance, and his ignorance of his ignorance."

A Most Important Question

Dear Outlook:

In the Home Department, September 22, "X" asks if sewage-water—or, rather, water with *some* sewage in it—can be made pure and fit for drinking by boiling. The reply does not fully answer the query, and questions the necessity of any one's drinking such water. If you lived in Albany, outside of a certain section of the city, you would find the necessity laid upon you of drinking Hudson River water or going without, unless you chose to buy imported spring-water by the jug. This river-water receives the sewage of Troy, West Troy, Lansingburg, Cohoes, and Waterford, a group of towns seven or eight miles distant, to say nothing of other towns further up, and during the summer months it has a decided flavor of "warm boy," who disports himself therein at all hours and at all accessible points. Still, I don't know that many persons die from using it, though it certainly upsets the bowels of those who drink it.

As for boiling such water, no doubt a brisk ten-minutes boil will kill any living germs and remove that danger, but they and other impurities will remain in the water and must be filtered out.

W. H. C.

The above letter is one more proof of the disastrous results of the destruction of the forests throughout the State of New York. Had our forests been protected for the sake of our water-supply, we should not at the present day be startled to know that Albany, Troy, Brooklyn, Jersey City, New York, Boston, and nearly all of our seaboard towns are struggling, or have struggled, with this question of sufficient water-supply; and the lack of water in every case can be traced directly to the destruction of the forests.

There is only one possibility of purifying contaminated water, and that is by filtering. The "Review of Reviews" has recently had articles on the water-supply of several European cities, which shows how this question has been met and solved abroad. If an individual shows his intelligence by his ability to profit by his neighbor's experience, it is equally true that a nation shows its intelligence by profiting by its neighbor's experiences. The death-rate at Munich a few years ago was appalling, and this enormous death-rate was acknowledged to be due to contaminated drinking-water. The water-supply of the city was increased and purified by taking from a different source, and the result has been to entirely change the vital statistics of the city. Only the other day the papers recorded the death of six, and the serious illness of twenty, soldiers who had drank water near the field of Gettysburg. All suffered from typhoid fever. Health is not a miracle. Imagine the normal condition of man if he applied his intelligence to the same extent in the care of his health that he does in the making of money! Surely it is but the height of unwisdom to expend one's energies to earn money and disregard the conditions which preserve that earning capacity. To earn with one hand—to use a figure—and pay out with the other in doctors' bills and medicine, does not show intelligence. There is one side more to this question. It is not possible for any human being to become accustomed to taking into his body that which is impure and disease-disseminating, and still to grow morally, as he would if he recognized the conditions which enabled him to maintain physical purity. We must learn the relation between cleanliness and morals to fully realize our responsibility as citizens and as protectors of the health of families.



Picked Up

It is a common practice, when pet birds are trained at all, to teach them to take particles of sugar or cake from the lips. Prominent medical men of France have discovered that a peculiar parasitic growth attacks the throat and lungs of men in Paris who feed young birds, especially pigeons, for the market. The birds are fed by these men from mouth to beak, and the disease traced to this method is alarmingly fatal. The result of the investigation is a protest against this method of feeding, and warning against the practice of giving pet birds food from the lips.

A very good luncheon salad that is a delight to the eye as well as taste is a potato salad served in tomatoes. In

composition it varies a little from the every-day potato salad, and for this reason is given a finer name and called Japanese salad. Prepare tomatoes as for filling with chicken salad, and set in the ice-box to get very cold. To make the filling for half a dozen tomatoes, chop two cold boiled potatoes fine, and add to them three good-sized truffles that are chopped as fine as the potatoes. Mix them with a wooden spoon, and turn over them and mix carefully a French dressing made from a half-teaspoonful of salt, a quarter-teaspoonful of Hungarian red pepper, four tablespoonfuls of oil, and one of vinegar. Set in the ice-box for half an hour. Then add to the mixture a table-spoonful of chopped parsley. Fill the tomatoes with the salad, put on top of each a teaspoonful of mayonnaise, and serve on a bed of crisp lettuce.



Dilly's Party Dress

By Nellie E. C. Scott

In Two Parts—II.

"You see, Mrs. Armand," said she, "Dilly felt so badly when her mother said she couldn't have a new dress to wear to the party that I felt as if I must get her one some way, but I didn't know how until I saw your advertisement in the paper, and thought I could come and help you afternoons for a week without any one being the wiser. Of course I didn't know then that your niece was my granddaughter's friend, or I should not have come. I see now that it was an unwise thing to have done under any circumstances. It seems to reflect on my son, and there is no better son in the land."

Grandmother lifted her head proudly at the last words.

"Nobody is to blame but myself; no one even imagined what I was about; my goings and comings are not questioned; but my son will feel terribly when he knows that I—"

"But he need not know," cried Mrs. Armand; "what would be the use of mortifying him? No one need ever know. You may depend on our discretion; and as for the dress, you have more than earned the price of one."

"You can have one of mine if you'll wear it, Dilly," whispered Effie, penitently, coming close to her friend. "Forgive me, won't you? for I did think hardly of you until your grandmother told how it was."

"Thank you, Mrs. Armand, and Effie, too," faltered Dilly, "but I don't think I care to come to the party now."

"Oh, but you must," insisted Effie, as she hid her friend's red eyes and sorrowful face behind a thick veil and kissed her affectionately at parting.

Dilly was firm in her determination not to allow Grandmother to spend her *wages* for a dress; and her mother, who, of course, was told all about the affair, acquiesced in this decision.

"But it isn't the first time your grandmother has made a servant of herself for you, Dilly," her mother commented. "Has it never occurred to you that she does so every day of her life?"

Dilly's eyes opened wide and wider.

"She won't any more," she said at length.

Effie would not be reconciled to the idea of a party without her friend, and made daily pilgrimages to Dilly's house.

"Your blue dress will do nicely with a little bit of ribbon or lace to brighten it up," she would urge, "and the party will be spoiled for me unless you come." And when Dilly had heard this a dozen times, she—being only a little girl, with a little girl's leanings and longings—began to waver.

Grandmother did not fail to see the wistful look that told of this vacillation.

"I believe there are some odds and ends of lace in my trunk, children; suppose we go and see if there's anything suitable," said she.

"Will you go if we find anything suitable?" queried Effie; and Dilly nodded an assent.

Grandmother's trunk, although it offered little in the way of dress decoration, proved to be of much interest to

the children, for it contained many mementos of Grandmother's own childhood. Here was her old wooden doll, which, with its old-style dresses in vivid pinks and greens, provoked much laughter, as did also the ancient copy-book, made of pieces of gorgeous wall-paper sewed together, with copies traced by the master on the blank sides, and copied in a big, tremulous round hand.

"And yet that copy-book was the envy of all the school," said Grandmother, laughing too.

"See, here's a little chamois purse with the steel trimmings all rusty; what's in it, Grandmother?" Dilly asked.

"Dear me! I had not thought of it in years," said Grandmother, opening it with eager fingers. There were perhaps half a dozen coins in it—one or two large copper cents, a little gold piece that had sometime been used as a charm; but the piece that distinctly challenged the eye was a large, bright silver dollar.

"This dollar, children, was the first money I ever earned," Grandmother explained. "It was the summer I was seven years old, and mother had a lot of company come. She told me if I'd be a good girl and take care of the baby while they stayed, she'd give me a silver dollar; and this is it."

Effie, who had been examining the coin, gave an excited little cry.

"Why, Mrs. Knowles, this dollar is dated 1804!"

"No doubt," replied Grandmother, calmly; "you see that was a good many years ago."

"Yes, but an 1804 dollar! Don't you know there are only a few of them in the world, and that one is worth—oh, I don't know how many hundred dollars?"

"You must be mistaken, child—a common silver dollar?"

"I'm sure I'm not mistaken. Papa has a friend who makes a business of collecting rare coins, and I've heard them talking about it. Shall I run down to papa's office and have him telegraph to the man—that is, of course, if you wish to sell it," Effie concluded, a little ashamed of her impetuosity.

"Certainly I will sell it if I can get any such price for it," Grandmother replied, with unprecedented business acumen.

It seemed too good to be true when the telegram came announcing the collector's willingness to pay "the list price"—six hundred dollars—for the coin. But when there was no longer room for doubt, when she held the six-hundred-dollar check in her hand, the old habit of thought reasserted itself, and Grandmother immediately began to plan how she could do the most good and give the most pleasure with her unexpected windfall.

It is, I think, needless to say that a new dress for Dilly was first on the list, which list would quickly have made a deficit where there had been a surplus had not Mr. Knowles promptly interfered, fixing the limit of expenditure at fifty dollars.

"And *that's* too much to spend on these youngsters," he declared; "for I know you haven't a notion of spending any on yourself. You've done for me and mine all our lives, mother, but you must keep this money for yourself."

Grandmother was disconsolate at this ruling of fate until her daughter-in-law reminded her—

"If you spend it all now, mother, you'll never have the pleasure of spending it again; while if Frank invests it for you, you'll have the interest to spend every year. Don't you see?"

Grandmother saw.

Now I suppose you are anxious to know whether Dilly forgot her good resolution, and whether Grandmother returned to her old position of family drudge.

I am glad to be able to answer both questions in the negative. To be sure, dish-washing and sweeping and dusting become wearisome sometimes, and Dilly, in common with the rest of humanity, is sometimes tempted to weary of well-doing. But the thought of that other exalted grandmother—the one at Effie's house—and then the unbounded help and encouragement which emanate from that little girl herself, serve as a tower of strength to Dilly, and keep her from forgetting.

For the Little People



Finding Fault

The winds refused to blow;
 "No use," said they, "to try,
 From North, or South, or East, or West,
 These folks to satisfy.
 The North Wind 'is too cold!'
 The West Wind, 'bold and rough.'
 The East is 'chilly,' they complain;
 The South, 'not cool enough!'"

And so the windmills stopped,
 The ships lay idly by,
 The sun beat down from morn till night
 Because no clouds could fly.
 The people sighed for wind;
 "Blow hot or cold," said they,
 "From North, or South, or East, or West,
 'Twill be the wisest way!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Montague and Capulet

By May McHenry

At Christmas-time a woodchopper brought me a present which he took from his pocket wrapped in a red handkerchief. His last present having been a little snake of a beautiful opalescent green color with a forked scarlet tongue that was always very much in evidence, I watched the unfolding of the handkerchief with curiosity mingled with some distrust.

"A mouse!" I exclaimed, as I saw a pointed little nose and a pair of bright beady eyes.

"A squirrel," said my father.

"A flying squirrel," announced the chopper.

"Not much of a flying squirrel. Why, he hasn't any wings at all!" said young Richard, with his wise air.

The squirrel had no wings, but an expansive skin stretching from fore leg to hind leg answered the purpose, and served to buoy him up in his long leaps from the tree-tops.

The little creature in the woodsman's hand was smaller than a chipmunk, of a brownish-gray color, white underneath, with a big brush of a tail, and a coat finer and softer than anything I had ever touched except the back of a bat.

The great difficulty was to find a cage for the frisky little fellow. First we tried a bird-cage. Like a gray flash he was out of that, flattening himself like a sheet of paper to slide between the wires. Then there was great commotion. The feminine members of the family stood on chairs, held up their skirts, and screeched shrilly, while the rest of us engaged in an exciting chase after the extremely nimble and slippery *pteromys*.

The woodchopper finally caught him, and fastened him up in a stoutly built wooden box with wire mosquito-netting tacked over the top. The box was placed in a small conservatory opening from the dining-room, and I congratulated myself that my latest Christmas present was safely housed.

The next morning that box was empty. The flying squirrel had gnawed a way through the wire netting. Later in the day he was found curled up among some dead leaves in an empty flower-pot.

We left him alone there, placing some nuts near, and for nearly a week the little creature remained in strict seclusion, curled up under his bushy tail in the flower-pot. Then he began to venture out at night, running about over the shelves and among the plants, scrambling up the windows, and sometimes taking a flying leap out into the dining-room.

Thinking the dead geranium-leaves a poor substitute for the presumably luxurious furnishings of a hole in a tree, I placed some cotton and some dry pine-needles in the old flower-pot, and a very cozy retreat Mr. Flying Squirrel arranged out of the material thus provided. He constructed a cave approached by a tunnel, so the only way to be sure whether he was at home or not was to stick your finger through the cotton roof of the cave. If he was there, you got a convincing nip from the long, sharp teeth.

Two weeks later the woodchopper brought

me a second flying squirrel out of the same hollow chestnut where he had found the first. Since they had lived in the same tree, we felt sure that the two squirrels must be near relatives, or at least intimate friends. We were anxious to witness their joy upon being reunited.

But they failed to manifest any joy. When the newcomer was placed in the conservatory, he scuttled up the side of a window as fast as he could. The other flying squirrel scuttled up another window as fast as he could, without stopping to welcome the long-lost brother.

There they sat and glared at each other for three days. They chattered and chir-r-rd in shrill defiance, deadly wrath shown in every twitch of their sensitive whiskers.

We were convinced that the fatal mistake had been made of bringing together two deadly enemies in that narrow room, members no doubt of rival families among the flying squirrels.

Our member of the Shakespeare Club named them Montague and Capulet, and, for want of anything else, so we continued to call them.

There was great suspense and excitement during the time the sharp-toothed little creatures under the roof of the conservatory sat and watched each other as two lions on the verge of mortal combat might watch. We feared they might fight it out while we slept. And so it was; the crisis came and passed unnoticed.

One morning the tops of the windows were empty: Montague and Capulet had disappeared! I looked for scattered fur, bloody footprints, marks of a hard-fought battle, and quite expected to find the mangled corpses of both my lately conquered pets.

What I did find when at last I gently peeped under the cotton in the old flower-pot was this: two little flying squirrels cozily curled up in the same nest. Montague's fore legs were lovingly laid across Capulet's neck, and the pink tip of Capulet's little nose poked out contentedly from under Montague's shoulder. I replaced the cotton, feeling that I was only an eavesdropper after all.

After that the squirrels lived together, apparently well content with each other and with their surroundings. They slept all day in their nest of cotton, and scampered about among the plants and through the house all night. It is the habit of flying squirrels to feed and travel about principally at night.

They were very shy. Remembering former success in the taming of a gray squirrel, we were disappointed at the difficulty of gaining the confidence of our little pets. They learned to take a nut from my fingers, but would not submit to any familiarity in the way of handling or fondling.

At the approach of strangers they would whisk out of sight and hide among the flower-pots. They were as unsatisfactory as small children in that we were never able to show them off "before folks."

With all their friskiness they did but little damage to the plants among which they lived. It was one of our pleasures to watch their graceful and amusing antics as they chased each other over the shelves and flower-stands.

After a time they would venture into the dining-room in the evening, when the lamps were lighted, and entertain us by an exhibition game of tag around the cornices and over the pictures and tops of the cupboards.

But it was when the house was dark that they had their fun. They would scamper through all the rooms, and chase each other madly up and down the banisters. Then, if you had not shut your bedroom door and fastened the transom, there was likely to come a scratching and scampering and a tip-tip-tipping across the carpet. Then a rustling among the papers on your desk told that your midnight visitor was eating the latest letter from your dearest friend, or a crash on the bureau left you sure of the destruction of your favorite perfume-bottle. Or there might follow a scrambling

up the headboard of the bed, a rush through the air over your head, a thud on the counterpane, and the pat of four little feet galloping away over your recumbent body.

Oh, there is fun in having a pair of frolicsome flying squirrels thoroughly at home in a house!

Sometimes they forgot themselves or were overtaken by drowsiness during their nightly romping, and would go to sleep in the fold of a curtain or in a convenient slipper.

One morning, as an aged and highly respected guest of the house was putting on his fur cap in the hall, there came a mighty yell. There stood the dear old gentleman staring blankly into his cap, and there, on top of his gray head, sat Montague winking and blinking at being so rudely aroused from a pleasant nap.

As warm weather came on, the troublesome question was, What to do with the flying squirrels during the summer? With the doors and windows standing open they could not be kept in the house, and escape about the grounds meant their almost certain destruction in the claws of some prowling cat. To shut the active little creatures in a cage seemed a poor return for the pleasure they had given us during the winter; besides, it was doubtful if we could find a cage from which they would not manage to escape.

One fine day we put them into a covered basket and carried them out to the woods on the hillside near the place where they had been captured. When the basket was opened they sat for a moment twitching their whiskers, then whisked out and scampered off across the grass, without a backward look or a single chirp of thanks for their winter's board and lodging.



At Boarding-School

He was writing a note to his mother,

For you see he had so much to say,

A great many questions to ask her,—

He had been from home nearly all day!

Of course he must be very careful

Not to tell her he missed her to-night,

Nor how he had worked all day, trying

To keep the tears back—out of sight.

But he'd ask if the pony was lonesome,

And whether the kittens had grown,

And if Jack had his place at the table

Close by her—"But it isn't his own,

"And you tell him he can only keep it

Just while I'm away." This he wrote

While the tears kept coming and coming,

And big lumps swelled up in his throat.

Then he told her what he'd been doing

Since he left home such ages ago,—

'Twas really only this morning,

But *some days* are long ones, you know.

"Give my best love to Jack and the puppies—

I must get into bed, mamma dear."

Then the poor little baby lips trembled

As he added, "I wish *you* were here.

"I do want to say 'good-night' awful,—

I wonder so much if you know;

But, mamma," the sobs now came faster,

"Don't think I'm *one bit* homesick, though!"

—*Selected.*



He Did Not Know

Perhaps some American boys and girls often wonder what a Papal bull means. An American who was traveling in Europe, when he visited the Vatican, the residence of the Pope, asked to see the cattle-pens. The attendant was very much surprised, and said, "Cattle-pens? Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor." The response was, "Where in the world do you keep the Papal bulls?" If you do not know what a Papal bull is, look in a dictionary.

The Life of Christ

XX.—A Period of Seclusion¹

By Lyman Abbott

It has become evident that the Jewish nation is not ready for the revelation of the kingdom of God. Rejected by his own countrymen at Capernaum, foreseeing more plainly than ever the immediate issue of his mission in his own impending death, Jesus Christ turns away from the multitude, and, followed by his few faithful friends, seeks retirement, that in a period of seclusion he may give them instruction in the principles of his kingdom—instruction by which they may be guided after his death. The period with which we have to do in the next two chapters of this series is this period of seclusion. "If he goes into any of the cities, he still endeavors to remain unknown; when a deaf and dumb man is brought to him, he takes him aside from the multitude before he opens his ears and loosens his tongue; when, in the city of Bethsaida, a blind man is brought to him, it is not till he has led him outside the city walls that he bids him see; and alike upon the subjects of his healing and upon his disciples he enjoins secrecy, though for the most part seemingly in vain. So marked is this change in his ministry, so evident is his effort during these six months of exile to secure retirement and to live unnoticed, that his brethren taunt him with his concealment, and dare him to show himself openly to the world if he be indeed the Messiah that he claims to be."² To some significant incidents in this period of seclusion our attention is especially drawn in the Scripture lessons suggested for this and the succeeding week.

From Galilee Jesus first retreats to the coast of Tyre and Sidon. His object was not missionary labor, but rest and an opportunity for quiet conference with the Twelve. His aim was analogous to that of the ministry in the modern "retreat." But his fame had preceded him, and he could not secure the seclusion he desired.³ A Syro-Phœnician woman forced her way into the Master's presence and implored his aid for her suffering daughter. We misread the story of Christ's life by denying to him those flashes of humor, that incisive but delicate irony, that humanistic spirit which belongs to all the greatest moral teachers. To suppose that Jesus in the spirit of his own disciples looked upon this woman—upon any child of God—as a dog and repulsed her contemptuously, his contempt vanquished only by her importunity, is to do singular dishonor to his name. Christ neither intended to repel this mother, nor, in fact, did so. He interpreted his language by the tones of his voice and the expression of his face. It is not difficult for imagination to conceive the picture: she throwing herself at his feet imploring his help; the disciples with their narrow Jewish bigotry, impossible to penetrate by any sympathy for a heathen woman, no matter what her distress; and his ironical rebuke of their narrow-mindedness by his seeming participation in it, a seeming beneath which her quick motherly intuition easily saw the real divine sympathy. "But, my woman," he says, "it is not proper to take the bread from these children" (he designates them with a glance or with a gesture as he speaks), "and cast it to the pet dogs, even the pet dogs of the household." She catches his spirit and perceives her understanding of him by her response. "That is true, Lord," she says, "for the pet dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the table of their masters. There is enough for both, and they feed from that which the children cast away or passed by in indifference."⁴ The lesson taught to his disciples, the revelation of the catholicity of his spirit and of the Gospel made

to them by a satire which even their dull hearts could hardly fail to apprehend, he grants the mother's request, and then, all hope of retirement in Phœnicia being taken away, goes back to Galilee, thence to depart again to seek seclusion anew in the vicinity of Cæsarea Philippi.

North of Galilee, at the head waters of the Jordan, about four miles east of Dan, which was the northernmost town of Palestine, was this city named in honor of Augustus Cæsar and of Herod Philip, the tetrarch, who made it the site of his villas and palaces. Here stood side by side the bust of Cæsar Augustus and the shrine of Pan; here side by side were maintained the two most common forms of idolatry, the worship of political power and the worship of the forces of nature; here, free from the intrusion of public clamor and popular adulation, equally distasteful to him, the Master found the opportunity for quiet conference with the Twelve. And from this seclusion he set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem, toward Gethsemane and the crucifixion, to complete his earthly mission by his passion and his death.¹ Here he made his first distinct declaration of his Messiahship to his disciples, characteristically calling forth from them their belief in him as the Messiah, and then confirming it. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" he asks; and they said: "Some say that thou art John the Baptizer, some Elijah, and some Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." He said unto them: "Whom say ye that I am?" One can imagine the moment of hesitation in which they look one to the other questioningly, and then the boldest of them utters the faith which has grown into their hearts so gradually that they are scarcely conscious of it: "Thou art the Messiah, the Son of the living God."

Christ's confirmation of this article of their faith appears to me to have been strangely misapprehended, nor have I space here to enter into the grounds for the different interpretation which indeed I can only briefly suggest.² Not on Simon as an individual does Christ build his Church, nor on Simon and his successors, for of successors he gives no hint either here or elsewhere; nor on the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, for this common Protestant interpretation robs the play upon words in Christ's response of all their significance. What Christ says is this: "By this living faith in me as the living Messiah, you, Simon, impulsive, changeable like a wave of the sea, are converted into Peter, a rock. And upon this rock, this character thus divinely transformed by a renewing of the Holy Spirit through faith in me as the Messiah, I will build my Church. That Church is founded, not on a man, nor on a hierarchical succession, nor on an intellectual dogma, but on a transformation of character through an indwelling Christ."³ To every soul thus transformed by the renewing of his spirit Christ gives the key of the kingdom of heaven—not a key to let men into a future heaven, still less a key to Peter as a porter, giving him power to receive or to exclude from the celestial city, but the key as a symbol of authority in the Christian life, the key of God upon the earth. Not authority to loose and bind, or to designate who shall be loosed or bound, in heaven, but authority to loose (that is, permit) and bind (that is, prohibit) upon the earth—authority to regulate one's own conduct, not as coerced by laws of an external authority, but as guided and inspired by the spirit of liberty within. This power of the keys, which has been made an excuse for spiritual despotism, is really a Magna Charta of liberty in the kingdom of God for all the disciples of Christ. "I understand, then, the promise of the keys to be made to Peter as the possessor of a living faith in Jesus as the divine Messiah, and through him to all who by a like faith are endued with a like strength of character, not natural, but God-given, and I would paraphrase it thus: To my disciples I will give authority in their spiritual life so that they shall no longer be bound by rules and regulations like those of the Pharisees or of the Mosaic code; but whatsoever, under the

¹ Bible Study Union Lesson No. 22. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 4. (October 28.) Mark vii., 24-28—viii., 1-26; Matt. xvi., 13-28.

² Mark ix., 30—vii., 33—viii., 22-36—vii., 36—viii., 26; John vii., 2-5. See Chapter XXIII. in my "Jesus of Nazareth."

³ Mark vii., 24.

⁴ The grounds for the interpretation which I here give to the incident of the Syro-Phœnician woman the student will find explained in full in my Commentary on Matthew, Chapter XV. I believe it to be borne out, not only by the general character of Christ, but by a careful study of the original Greek. I pass by the feeding of the four thousand because its significance is not different from that of the feeding of the five thousand heretofore described. There is some question whether there are not two accounts of the same incident, though, for the reasons stated in my Commentary on Mark, I agree with Alford in thinking that there were two feedings.

¹ For graphic description of Cæsarea Philippi, now known as Paneas or Banias, see George Adam Smith's "Holy Land," pages 473-479.

² For a fuller statement of this interpretation, and the grounds for it, see my "Signs of Promise," Sermons 9 and 10, and my Commentary on Matthew, xvi., 13-19.

³ See, in confirmation of this view, Peter's own interpretation in 1 Pet. ii., 4-6.

inspiration of a living faith in me, they shall prohibit themselves, God will prohibit, and whatsoever, under that inspiration, they shall permit themselves, God will permit; for they shall have the mind of the Spirit."



The Religious World

Berkeley Temple's Jubilee

The most striking characteristic of the seventh-year Conference at Berkeley Temple was its catholicity. Believing that all good works belong to the Church, the pastor at Berkeley Street, Boston, the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, invited representatives of such widely differing interests as municipal reform and the Floating Hospital, and such singular contrasts in personality as the President of a New England college and an officer of the Salvation Army. Not only was the work represented peculiarly varied, but the usual hard and fast lines of denominational alliance were readily broken over. Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, and Universalists were glad to unite in a common purpose to realize the spirit of the ministering Christ in the activities of the Church. Best of all, these denominations sent their strongest men—not always their most brilliant pulpites, though the number of successful preachers who came to speak was unusually large—but men of sturdy character and modern spirit, eager to use all means to save, filled with a fearless devotion to the good of the city, the needs of the masses, and the call to aid the fallen; men who are bound by no traditions, but have become pioneers in the field of modern benevolence, yet who have not forgotten that the redemption of Christ is the only remedy for the social ills of our day. The Institutional Church was discussed in every phase of its manifold activities. "Institutional" it was called, though the inadequacy of the name elicited frequent comment, and it was necessary to explain over and over again what it meant. Individual and almost personal as these churches have become as a result of the environment they are working in, they all agree in several striking traits that have grown out of the common principles that underlie them all. Repeatedly it was said that the institutional church is nothing new; that it is nearer the Apostolic ideal than any other church; and that any church that is filled with the ministering spirit of the Redeemer will become institutional—opening its doors to the poor, seeking through all avenues of approach to win men and to bring the Gospel of Christ to them, longing to be first in all benevolence, its faith crowned with works and eloquent with the praise of the Master. The truly Christian church, the church that would represent the Saviour, will never move away from a crowded district because the "nice" people have gone to live in the suburbs; nor will such a church close its doors six days in the week, and devote itself only to a fraction of human nature.

Some Positions Taken

Great emphasis was laid, in what was said by several speakers, upon the fact that the institutional church is not merely a seventh-day church with various modern attachments, but a church that differs from the conventional type from the start. It is animated by the seeking spirit of the Saviour. It is not content to serve its own society; its supreme object is to reach those who are not at all in its set, those who do not want the church and who are self-doomed to religionless lives. These are the people whom this Christian church must reach; and it must first appeal to the motives they already possess, selfish motives chiefly, and not always the highest, of course. The institutional church will use secular means to a spiritual end. Love will translate itself perhaps into games, or industrial classes, or clubs, or entertainments, but it is Christian love unmistakably, and its one highest aim is to bring men to the Redeemer. These were the principles that received the supreme emphasis in the Conference, especially in the meetings conducted by the Open or Institutional Church League. This association was represented by such leaders in modern church work as Dr. Scudder, of Jersey City, the Rev. C. A. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple, and the Rev. Everett D. Burr, of Ruggles Street Church, Boston; the Rev. C. L. Thomp-

son, of New York, and a number of others of like distinction. Other well-known names were those of the Rev. Josiah Strong, President Tucker, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, the Rev. G. A. Gordon, and Major Brewer. The spirit that ran through the whole Conference was that of hopeful determination aglow with love for men. No one seemed to doubt that the institutional idea would revolutionize the church life of the time; no one failed to see that the Church must absorb into itself all institutions of philanthropy that have ever been proved successful; yet with all this spirit of progress there was no condemnation of those who still adhere to the conventional form of Church work. The end and aim of the Conference was to show how much real practical good a church may do. "Municipal Reform," "Child Life in the Great City," "The Open Church," "The Young Woman in the City," "Ruin and Rescue," "The Church and the Town"—such topics as these represent the forward movement in applied Christianity. The time has come for the Church to learn that Christianity unapplied is Christianity denied.

The New York State Baptist Convention

The eighty-seventh annual meeting of the New York Baptists has just been held in the beautiful city of Rochester, and was an occasion of great interest, although the report of the meeting in the "Examiner" especially deprecates the fact that so many of the prominent ministers of the large cities were absent. No doubt it is a misfortune, but how can they be everywhere, and meet all the demands upon them? The Pastors' Conference was addressed by Professor T. Harwood Patterson on "The Minister and the Ministry." "He advocated closer union, a restatement of theology on the principle that religion is rather life than dogma, and that the ideal life of Christ is showing itself in a new society." The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., who has now accepted a call to Buffalo. One of the most interesting features of the Convention was the afternoon given to the interests of education. The principal speaker was President Schurman, of Cornell University. "He dwelt especially on the necessity of ethical education; insisted that religion should be taught in all our schools, and proposed that in communities prevaillingly Protestant ministers should be permitted to teach the scholars religion during some part of the day, attendance to be voluntary." This last proposition was strongly dissented from by President Taylor, of Vassar, and President Hill, of Rochester. The outlook for the Baptist churches, as presented by the review of the field, was encouraging. In 1874 there were in the State 836 churches, with 635 pastors, and a membership of 104,339. Last year there were 903 churches, 726 pastors, and a membership of 135,302. The increase in benevolent offerings in that period was \$344,199.96.

The literary and religious public have been greatly favored during the past few months by the presence and lectures of Professor Ramsay, who has spoken at Auburn, Baltimore, Harvard, and in New York. Another lecturer equally prominent has just landed in this country, having come in response to an invitation signed by a large list of distinguished scholars.

Professor T. W. Rhys Davids is one of the most eminent authorities in the world on all subjects pertaining to India. Probably no man who speaks the English language is so competent to lecture concerning Buddhism, which is to be the subject of his lectures. He was the Hibbert lecturer in 1881, his subject then being "Buddhism." He will deliver six lectures each, we are informed, at Cornell University, Lowell Institute, Brown University, Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Brooklyn Institute, Columbia College, and the University of Pennsylvania. He will speak concerning the various phases of Buddhism, the life of Buddha, and the various developments of his doctrine. Professor Davids's little book on Buddhism in the series on "Non-Christian Religions" is one of the most condensed and yet valuable books on the subject in our language. He is not only a distinguished scholar, but is said also to be a delightful lecturer. The great impetus which has been given to the study of ethnic religions by the Parliament of Religions will do much to insure for Professor Davids and his lectures a large and ap-

preciative hearing. This interchange of culture between the Old World and the New is one of the most delightful and encouraging signs of our time. It shows that the dividing lines between the nations are beginning to get more indistinct, and that the republic of letters and the kingdom of God are vastly more worthy of the devotion of cultured and consecrated men than the particular territory in which a person happens to be born.

The New Chapel at Auburn

Auburn Theological Seminary is making rapid progress under the presidency of the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D. Its latest step forward is the dedication of the new and beautiful Willard Memorial Chapel. The services of dedication occurred on Wednesday evening, October 25, when the sermon was preached by President Booth, who took for his subject "Belief and Speech." In behalf of the Misses Willard, who presented the chapel in memory of their father, Dr. Sylvester Willard, the Rev. W. H. Hubbard, their pastor, made the presentation address. For forty years Dr. Willard was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary. He was never absent from one of its sessions, and during all its secretaryship there was never an occasion on the part of the Board to appoint any other as Secretary for the time. The seal of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was selected for the rose-window above the organ, and the Willard Memorial window is itself exceedingly beautiful. The chapel is forty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long. In its style of architecture it is Romanesque. The walls are of gray limestone, with trimmings of red portage stone. Those who remember the old chapel in Auburn Seminary and contrast it with this new and beautiful building will get some impression of the general progress which the institution has made during the last twenty-five years.

The Ministry as a Moral Force

Never perhaps in the history of the country has the power of the pulpit in the life of society been so manifest as during the last few months. Under the splendid leadership of the pastor of the Madison Square Church in New York, of Dr. Newman Smyth in Connecticut, and of others equally prominent both East and West, there has been such a moral uprising as this country has not seen since the days preceding our Civil War. Before this paragraph reaches our readers the election in New York will have been decided. If Tammany is overthrown, it will be very largely because of the tireless and courageous efforts of the Christian pulpit. If it is not overthrown at this election, it will be only a question of time, since nothing can resist the constant appeals of the churches in behalf of the highest municipal welfare. More perhaps than at any time within a quarter of a century, the ministry of all churches alike realize the prophetic ideal. Almost every pulpit in New York for the past two or three weeks has constantly sounded its note of warning and inspiration. There has been nothing heard of the danger of introducing politics into the pulpit. In one sense there has been no political preaching, for everything has been in behalf of pure morals and municipal righteousness. There is a peril in all such work, no doubt. The danger is that the pulpit will be turned into a political rostrum; but that danger is very slight in comparison with the good which is sure to result. Most ministers do not take such subjects from preference; only a stern sense of duty leads them to do so. The last few months have demonstrated that the pulpit may be a mighty power in behalf of civic righteousness. The battle is by no means fought out; the duty remains for the ministers of our country so to adjust their utterances that the spiritual needs of the individual shall not be neglected, while at the same time the pressing calls of society and the State are fully recognized. We regard the uprising of the churches in behalf of municipal righteousness as a real revival of pure and undefiled religion. The spirit in which hundreds of ministers are approaching this subject is well expressed in an appeal of Dr. Parkhurst to the churches, which closes as follows:

The present is a moment of crisis, municipal and National, and, as I look at the matter, it is treasonable to all the interests we hold most dear to allow this crisis to be passed and the issue reached without our having employed the best of our powers, private and public, secular and religious, lay and clerical, to the end of securing an issue that shall be to the purification of our atmosphere and to the sending forth through the community a tone of clarion distinctness that

shall take the languor out of men's consciences, and the irresolution out of their determinations and actions.

Mr. Le Gallienne and the Nonconformist Conscience

Richard Le Gallienne, the author of "The Religion of a Literary Man," has recently delivered an address in the Westbourne Park Baptist Church, London, of which Dr. John Clifford is pastor. In it he spoke in a most refreshing way concerning the Nonconformist Conscience. The tone which many literary men take concerning moral questions is anything but encouraging. They look upon those who are working in behalf of pure morals with a kind of lofty disdain, evidently regarding them as harmless but annoying fanatics. Mr. Le Gallienne, however, has made a manly and an outspoken utterance. He assumed the part of the "candid friend" at times, but, on the whole, the address was strong and helpful. We make two or three quotations from it. He says: "We may think ourselves mighty clever in these days, and perhaps we are; but the Nonconformist Conscience of the past witnesses to the great truth that, in the long run, the only thing that counted is character. The truth is that to-day we are getting too tolerant, and in that lurks the danger of considering everything, even questions of right and wrong, as mere matters of opinion. Here steps in the Nonconformist Conscience, asserting that there is such a thing as evil, and that it must needs be fought and conquered. Science says: There is evil; let it be recognized and licensed. Religion says: There is evil; let it be met and slain." He thinks that there is danger of going to the extreme on the side of Puritanism as well as of Paganism, but does not hesitate to say that of the two erroneous extremes that of Puritanism is infinitely less harmful. He says again: "The ignorance of the world and of the complex conditions of life is one of the shortcomings of the Nonconformist Conscience." He concludes as follows: "With all its defects, the Nonconformist Conscience holds for us this priceless truth, that there is no joy without strength, no strength without discipline, and no discipline without restraint."

Outrages in Turkey

We have received from a reliable source a statement concerning recent outrages in Turkey. We do not know that we can do better than to print the communication as it comes to us. It would be a very encouraging statement if we could be assured that there is on the part of the Turkish Government any real intention of doing justice by the American missions and missionaries. The statement is as follows:

A month ago reports were published that the Turkish Government had arrested the native Professors in Aintab and Marah Colleges upon suspicion of seditious intentions. These institutions are under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and are conducted in full accord with the laws of the Empire covering foreign schools. Representations were made at once by the Missionary Board to the Secretary of State at Washington asking that the Government take measures to protect these American schools in the legal prosecution of their work, and that the Turkish Government be compelled to take prompt action in regard to the professors, and not keep them under arrest for a long period without trial, for the purpose of closing the schools which are dependent upon their services. The capitulations provide against the "causeless arrest of employees of Americans in the Ottoman Empire." Our Government acted promptly, and the Secretary of the Legation at Constantinople was sent to Aintab to investigate the cause upon the grounds. A cable dispatch has just arrived from him announcing that hearing has been had, and the professors are entirely exonerated from all charges and are released. Secretary of State Gresham, in his instructions to Minister Terrell, has acted with utmost promptness and wisdom.

Notes

Information reaches us of a very interesting work of grace in the Second Congregational Church of West Oakland, Cal., of which the Rev. F. E. Hinckley is pastor. There is being built up there an institutional church. The interest in the meetings, we are informed, has been so great that the church, which holds about eight hundred, has been packed to its utmost capacity and many turned from its doors.—A Foreign Mission Club has just been started in London for the benefit of those who intend to be missionaries, of retired missionaries, and of visiting missionaries who may be in the country. All friends of missions are also welcome. The Club has already not far from five hundred members, of whom two hundred and six either are or have been workers in the foreign field.—The Men's Club in Dr. Munger's church in New Haven seems to be doing capital work. The audiences average from 700 to 1,000, and the interest in the addresses is most encouraging.

Books and Authors

The Eight-Hour Day¹

The two most important books of the year bearing upon a current economic question both relate to the short-hour movement. John Rae, the author of "Contemporary Socialism," and Professor Brentano, of Leipsic, the author of the great work on Guilds, have both given to this question a most painstaking examination, have both reached identical conclusions, and have both embodied them in volumes attractive to the general reader. Each of these investigators has studied the eight-hour movement historically. Wherever hours have been shortened they have studied the effect upon wages, upon the cost of production, and upon the men themselves. They find that in every nation the shortening of the hours of labor has been followed within a few years, if not a few months, by a positive increase in the amount of work done. A part of this increase in production has, indeed, been due to the fact that capitalists have introduced better machinery in order to economize labor; another part of it has been due to the fact that in the past shorter hours for labor have meant fewer stoppings of the machinery for meals; but chiefly the gain has been due to the fact that the workmen have worked with greater strenuousness and less listlessness. The mental change produced has perhaps in the long run been more important than the physical. The workmen have required less superintendence, been able to handle better machinery, and turned out better work. Both of these investigators find that wherever work is hard more has been done by the same number of hands each year when they have worked ten hours than when they have worked thirteen; when they have worked nine than when they have worked ten; when they have worked eight than when they have worked nine. The gain from the last change is of course less than from those preceding, and neither writer imagines that the reductions can be kept up indefinitely. The maximum production is apparently reached in each trade when the hours are such that the workman can always be at his best and become continually stronger by reason of his work. In other words, the hours which result in the best men will result in the most work. So convinced are both Mr. Rae and Professor Brentano that the shortening of hours has thus far always meant an increase of production that both dismiss as utterly untenable the plea that shorter hours will give employment to the unemployed. The historical evidence upon which they base these conclusions cannot be given in the limits of this review, and the reader is strongly urged to read at least one of the volumes. Professor Brentano's work is the shorter (without its appendices only seventy-seven pages), and is not less comprehensive, so far as Europe or the United States is concerned, but Mr. Rae's has the merit of describing at length the short-hour movement in Australia. The style of both volumes is so attractive, the spirit of the investigations so truth-loving, and the statement of conclusions so judicial that the volumes must have the very greatest influence in extending the eight-hour movement.



A Corner of Cathay is the attractive title of a pleasant book by Adele M. Fielde. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The volume consists of a collection of studies made during a residence of fifteen years, chiefly at Swatow, in the "corner" of Kwangtung. The illustrations, done by native artists, and colored as only the Chinese know how, make an immediate impression and are of no inconsiderable value. Both paper and print are excellent. The distinctive feature of the book lies in its information regarding Chinese customs and society. We read of farm life, household economy, marriage laws, mortuary customs, babies and children, schools and schooling, lawsuits, fables and superstitions, Confucianists and Taoists. Of all these subjects this last is perhaps the one on which there is the most ignorance. The teachings of Laou-Tze, which have become the theosophy of

¹*Eight Hours for Work.* By John Rae, M.A. Macmillan & Co., New York. *Hours, Wages, and Production.* By Lujo Brentano. Translated by Mrs. William Arnold. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

China, are not so familiar as are those of his greater contemporary, Confucius. Laou-Tze was a hermit rather than a philosopher. He was abstruse and abstract where Confucius was clear and practical. Though he taught no supernaturalism, he founded a system of superstition, the other sage a system of ethics. Taoist priests are allowed to marry; they are supposed to have powers of clairvoyance and to know future events, while the pope checks and directs the demons of the nether regions. So wonderful an influence have these priests and necromancers obtained that Confucianists and Buddhists as well are subject to their craft, and there are few doors upon which Taoist amulets or charms are not affixed. But it is in the depicting of household affairs that our author is at her best. Her descriptions are both interesting and instructive; for instance:

As the changes of fashion in dress are but slight, a man or woman may, without being out of the style, wear any garment a lifetime. A fixed fashion saves all the wear and tear of nerve incident to cutting by new patterns, and all reckoning as to the amount of cloth required. The only measurements necessary for fitting any individual are, for a tunic, from the center of the chest to the wrist, and from the neck to the knees. For a pair of trousers or a kirtle, simply the length from hip to ankle is taken. The wearer may grow thinner or stouter without remodeling the garments. This permits one to get costly raiment, and then to lay it away and to maintain for many succeeding years that peace of mind which accompanies a consciousness of being prepared for all social emergencies. It encourages exquisite weaving and rich embroidery, because it allows the possessor of beautiful and costly robes to leave them as useful heirlooms. Women whose fashions in clothing are permanent are morally justified in arraying themselves, as do Chinese ladies, in works of true and high art. . . . Phlegm, persistence, and frugality account for all possessions. If a man has a wife, two children, and no vicious habits, and works all day for the support of his family, he can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. No one without an income from capital dares marry. The expenses of a household having only the necessities of life, as is the case in almost all Chinese families, would, for a man, his wife, and two children, be about as follows: rent for one room, two dollars a year; decent clothing, made by the wife, twelve dollars a year; food, cooked by the wife, thirty-six dollars a year. As the wages of a laboring man on a farm, in portage, or in any work below that of an artisan, are but ten cents a day, it would take five hundred days' work to pay the outlays of the year. The possession of a bit of land, or an income from rents, is therefore deemed essential to the existence of every family. An artisan, whose wages are twice those of the unskilled laborer, could barely support his family. As only the simplest and rudest machinery is used either in arts or agriculture, the time required for production makes everything intrinsically costly. The tiny light given by a bulrush pith in a saucer of peanut oil costs the Chinese laborer only one-tenth of a cent an hour; but that represents one hundredth part of a day's earnings. The food eaten by the laborer costs on the average but five cents a day, but that is one-half his day's wage, and so his plain boiled rice, salt fish, and pickled cabbage take half his time in the earning. His clothing, all woven and made by hand, costs him only six dollars a year, but that is sixty days' wages. The farmer's floorless and ceilingless house can be built for three hundred dollars, but this is as much as he could earn in ten years. . . . He is saved from extinction by making the utmost possible use of his material; he is saved from envy by being as well off as his neighbors. He suffers because he never invents, and he is lonely because he always works for personal and not general good.

A very suggestive literary study is *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, by Professor C. A. Smith, of the Louisiana State University. Those who have not made a careful study of the matter do not realize how very largely the charm of a good deal of verse depends upon the skillful use of parallelism or repetition. One must go back a long way in the history of poetry to discover the earliest uses of both repetition and parallelism. The Sicilian poets understood them quite as thoroughly as did the old English poets. They are especially noticeable in ballad literature, and in modern times very much of the peculiar melody of the verse of Coleridge, Tennyson, Swinburne, Beaudelaire, and Poe have depended upon their use. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," based on the finished epic "Kalevala," is a striking illustration of the power both of repetition and parallelism. Professor Smith has very clearly brought out the influence of these two uses of words, and has illustrated that influence by a great variety of examples drawn from many sources. The most suggestive part of his book is his treatment of Poe, which is both fresh and sane. After pointing out how much Poe depended upon repetition, either partial or complete, how constantly he uses it, and what marvelous effects he gets out of it, he declares that Poe must be regarded as a writer of that class of ballads in which the mysterious forms the essential element, and that his work must be viewed as a continuation of the ballad revival which was signalized by the appearance of "The Ancient Mariner." It is from this standpoint that he approaches Poe, and from this standpoint he declares Poe must be judged. Poe's range is far narrower than that of Tennyson or even of Longfellow, and his verse is thinner; but in mastery of the sensuous effects which are to be found in color, form, and sound, he is to be classed with Bürger, Coleridge, and Goethe. Professor Smith also devotes an interesting chapter to Swinburne, whose constant use of both repetition and parallelism he illustrates by a great variety of examples from his verse, and makes an excellent suggestion when he says that when Mr. Stedman calls Swinburne a born tamer of words, he is not quite accurate, for Swinburne's vocabulary is by no means a large one. It is rather limited. "Swinburne is not a tamer of words, but of sounds."

Altogether this little book is very suggestive. (University Publishing Company, New York.)

The book of poems called *Narragansett Ballads*, by Caroline Hazard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is full of Rhode Island history, related in ringing lines. "The Great Swamp Fight" of 1675 is the *pièce de résistance*, but "The Crying Boy," "Peakèd Rock," "Pettaquamscut Marsh," "Dorothy's Hollow," "Hanna's Hill," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Chase of the Orphans," "Rowland Robinson's Repentance," and other poems tell of Narragansett doings in colonial and war times. Though their form is not always so admirable as their spirit, the string of songs and lyrics in the last half of the book has real worth. We quote the lines on "The Closed Gate" at Santa Barbara, California:

Beside the Mission wall the highway runs
The horsemen gayly pass it every day,
And children stop beneath its shade to play,
Brown-faced from tropic sun.
And just beyond the shady sycamore
There is a sudden angle in the wall,
With pediment, and cross to crown it all,
Above a fast-closed door.
Without, the stir of life; within, the gloom
Of solemn cypress, with its somber green,
And tender weeping willows can be seen,
That grow above the tomb.
The wall is high and strong; the gate closed fast;
The masonry shows white against the moss;
And over all still stands the stone carved cross,
To tell us of the past.
Thou fast-closed gate of death—or of new life,
We knock in vain; immovable thou art;
In vain the clamor of a breaking heart,
In vain our eager strife.
But for each one sometime thy fast-closed door
Will open softly; all shall see that day;
Beneath thy cross-crowned arch, there lies the way
To life forevermore.

Across Asia on a Bicycle, by Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben (The Century Company, New York), is one of the most entertaining as well as one of the most unusual books of travel. The day after these young men were graduated at the Washington University, St. Louis, they left for New York, thence sailing for Liverpool. About three years afterward they rolled into New York on their wheels, having "put a girdle round the earth," and having "bicycled" over fifteen thousand miles. The route from Liverpool lay across England and France to Marseilles and along the Riviera into Italy. The winter was spent at Athens. The Asiatic journey began at Constantinople, the travelers proceeding through Asia Minor by way of Ismid, Angora, Kaiserieh, Sivas, Erzerum, and Bayazid. They ascended Mount Ararat. Their route through Persia included Tabriz, Teheran, and Meshed; and in Turkestan, Askabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend. At this last-named place the second winter was spent. The Chinese route lay through Kuldja, Manas, Urumtsi, Barkut, Hami, across the Gobi Desert to Suchau, and thence to Kanchau, Lanchanfoo, Singan, Peking, and Tientsin. In view of the present war, the conversation with Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister, and the authors' description of his appearance and manner, are perhaps the most interesting narration. But there is not a dull page in the book.

On the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, Gustav Freytag was asked to publish separately those chapters in his "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" which have to do with the great reformer. *Doktor Luther* was the result. This volume has now been edited, with introduction and notes, by Dr. F. P. Goodrich, Professor of German in Williams College, and published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston. The notes are of special value, and are models of clearness, the shades of meaning in German words being set forth with an emphasis sure to make a corresponding impact on the mind. The little book is a welcome one, not only on account of this admirable text-elucidation, but as offering an attractive sketch of Luther to those who might shrink from the long volumes of Fisher, Seeböhm, Köstlin, and Kolden.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Love in Idleness*, which the publishers (Macmillan & Co., New York) have printed in such large type that at first it might be mistaken for a child's book, is called "A Tale of Bar Harbor." The story might well be entitled "A Dialogue at Bar Harbor," for of dialogue there is over-plenty, and of incident there is but a bit crowded into corners and crannies here and there. That is not saying that the dialogue is not good. It is, indeed, very good, and we are obliged to Mr. Crawford for some capital sea-sketches. It must be said, however, that he succeeds better on larger canvases. None of

the characters in this little book impress one as likely to live long. The volume is interestingly illustrated and is tastefully made.

Chronological Outlines of American Literature, by Mr. Seldon L. Whitcomb, is a companion volume to a similar work covering English literature. The latter book, Mr. Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," was published four years ago, and has proved so serviceable in many ways that a kindred treatment of our own literature seemed not only desirable, but almost imperative. The work has been undertaken by a Fellow in Literature of Columbia College, who has modeled his book closely upon Mr. Ryland's, with such modifications as the use of that book has suggested. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)



Literary Notes

—A certain poet once complained to Mr. Oscar Wilde that "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book. What would you do about it if you were I?" "Join it," was the answer.

—Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, announces the following subject for a forthcoming lecture: "Certain Recent English Poets, Deceased, who have Failed to Obtain Due Honor."

—M. Antoine's company from the Paris Théâtre Libre has produced Théodore de Banville's "Baiser" and Brieux's "Blanchette" in Berlin—the first time since 1870 when a French play in the original has been produced in the German capital.

—It is said that Ian Maclaren is only a pseudonym, and that this writer's real name is John Watson, the pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. The author's first book of collected stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," is now announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—It is announced that Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, is shortly to give to the public his reminiscences of over forty years in India, the story of a subaltern's rise to the proudest position in the service. Readers will eagerly look forward to what will undoubtedly be the authoritative work on the Indian mutinies and wars, the siege of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the expedition to the west, and the march to Kandahar.

—Professor James Darmesteter, whose death has been announced, was still a young man, having been born in 1849. He was educated in Paris at the Lycée Bonaparte, where he took the *prix d'honneur*. In 1877 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Zend at the École des Hautes Études, and in 1885 Professor of Persian at the Collège de France. He had published a number of learned works on the mythology of the Avesta, on Persian literature, and on the Afghans.

—The fifth of November will be the four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg's famous shoemaker, poet, and mastersinger. The day will be celebrated, not only by the historians of literature—who find Hans Sachs the most remarkable of German poets in the sixteenth century—but also by the shoemakers, both men and women, in all Germany and Austria, who are making great preparations to do honor to him who has now become almost their patron saint.

—Herr Paul Lindau has been appointed Intendant of the Ducal Theater at Meiningen, perhaps the most famous playhouse in the world in the presentation of the classic drama. The present Duke has always had a keen interest in his theater company, and has done much towards the genuine popularizing of Shakespeare and Schiller by insisting on the accurate historical treatment for which "Die Meininger" are justly celebrated. As poet, dramatist, critic, and journalist Herr Lindau holds high rank. Perhaps the best known of his plays is "Mary Magdalen," which was first produced in 1872.

—A correspondent of the London "Literary World" thus writes concerning two most conceited men:

I was once present at a literary reception at which Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde were the lions for the afternoon. Unfortunately, the lions came too early, when the few previous arrivals were altogether too insignificant to be introduced to them. So they had to talk to each other. It was on a very warm Sunday afternoon in the season, and Mr. Whistler, by the by, was wearing a white "duck" waistcoat and trousers, and a fabulously long frock-coat, made, I think, of black alpaca, and carrying a brass-tipped stick about four feet long in his right hand, and a wonderful new paint-box, of which he was proud, under his left arm. Neither of the lions took any notice of what the other said. Finally Mr. Wilde, who had spent the previous summer in America, began: "Jimmy, this time last year, when I was in New York, all we men were carrying fans: it should be done here." Instead of replying, Mr. Whistler observed that he had just returned from Paris, and that he always came by the Dieppe route, because it gave you so much longer for painting sea effects. Whether Oscar thought he was going to have an opportunity of scoring or what, he was tempted to break through the contempt with which he had treated Mr. Whistler's other remarks. "And how many did you paint in four hours, Jimmy?" he asked, with his most magnificent air of patronage. "I'm not sure," said the irrepressible Jimmy, quite gravely, "but I think four or five hundred."

[For list of Books Received see page 765]

Correspondence

Colorado Populists

Kansas and Colorado are to-day the centers of the Populist movement in this country, and while the party is strong in the South and has attracted considerable, not to say respectful, attention even in Massachusetts, the term "Populism" at once suggests the first-named States to the general reader. This is natural, since the three most prominent names—although they are by no means the strongest—connected with Populism at the moment are those of Mrs. Lease and Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, and Governor Waite, of Colorado. In order to get a temperate and fair-minded statement concerning the standing of the Populist party in Colorado, The Outlook recently wrote to two gentlemen of Colorado Springs, who, in its opinion, are especially fitted to express a judgment in the matter. Both are of Eastern birth and education; one, the writer of the first letter, is a professor in Colorado College, the other is a lawyer of wide experience and practice. The following are their replies:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The bulk of the party in Colorado are morally sound. They are, however, as a rule, people of not very much education, who lack breadth. They believe in panaceas, short cuts to the millennium. Many of their leaders are like the majority of the party. I know two striking illustrations among them of men who, if they had had more education, would be men of great power, but who now have great intellectual energy with narrowness of mind, and are "cranky" in the extreme.

In the ranks and among the leaders of the party there are undoubtedly bad men, who are in it for the harm they can do to those upon whom they look as their enemies. It is hard to say whether Governor Waite is or is not of this number. At times he seems merely a weak-minded fanatic. But his shameless disregard of law, his arbitrary selfishness, are evidences that he is something worse than that. We are viewing with great satisfaction the prospect of his speedy restoration to private life, where he may be supported by his son-in-law in peace and obscurity. X.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your impression that, while the Populist movement in Colorado is a genuine one at bottom, the movement has fallen into the hands of unbalanced, not to say unprincipled, leaders, seems to me correct.

Of the origin and growth of the Populist party in America you doubtless know far more than I. Its forerunner, the "Farmers' Alliance," took on form and shape while I was out of the country, and the Omaha Convention and consequent Omaha platform, which, as I understand, mark the birth of the Populist party, both came, if my memory serves me, in July, '92, before my return to this country.

My first direct contact, therefore, with Populism came in the fall election of 1892 in this State. Waite was then an entirely unknown quantity, an attorney without practice, editor of a small country paper, and a man whose life had been one long failure. The Democratic party of this State was divided, and the password that a vote for Weaver was a vote for Cleveland swung almost the entire Democratic vote of the State into line behind the Populist ticket. There was much also in the Omaha platform which appealed to Republicans, made lukewarm by the attitude of the Republican party in the East towards the silver question. To such the gospel was industriously preached, as it is preached to-day, that there was no hope for silver either in the Republican or Democratic party, and that the advocates of "free coinage" both in the West and South must abandon the old parties and make of the People's party a living force. The consequence was that the Populists, with the aid of the major part of the Democratic vote of the State and a large part of the Republican vote, carried the State, not only for Weaver, but for Waite. This fall these Democrats and Republicans are for the most part returning to their own parties, but in their place swarms of miners, laborers out of work, Socialists, tramps, hoboes, and heelers, of those who for one cause or another are at odds with society, are going over into the Populist party.

I remember that during the Boulangist excitement in France the "Figaro" one day aptly remarked: "It is not Boulangier, but the discontent, that is general." So far as concerns Waite and his strength in this State to-day, that observation is applicable to him. He has, to the surprise of all of us, developed the qualities of a shrewd and masterful demagogue. He has from first to last posed as the friend of the workingman, the sympathizer with Coxeyites and riotous strikers, the enemy of bankers and capitalists and corporations, an executive who refuses to exe-

cute the laws because they were framed for the rich against the poor, and "turn about is fair play."

I do not know him personally. I know men who know him well, and those who know him best say that he is not merely a "crank," that he is malignant, and that, so far as one can judge from close official association with him, no considerations of the public good or the good of the class which he specially claims to champion in the least influence his acts; that they are animated solely by his own fantastic vanity and ambition. You remember the story of the Baptist convert who turned away when he learned that total immersion was requisite, because he could not consent to disappear so long from public view.

He has, however, so played upon the widespread discontent which the last eighteen months of adversity have naturally fostered as to become himself the "general," and no man or set of men in the party can stand for a moment against him. Prior to the nominating convention there seemed a fair prospect that he might be repudiated by the Populist party. Leading men in the party, chairmen of county committees throughout the State and the like, have spoken to me very frankly of their disgust with Waite and his actions; and in case this element had succeeded in inducing Judge Bell, the present Democratic-Populist Congressman from this State, to accept the nomination for Governor, Waite might have been turned down. Bell would not accept, and Waite is master. His lieutenants and office-holders are his creatures, attached to his personal fortunes. If they grow lukewarm they are promptly replaced; the disgraceful City Hall scandal in Denver was an attempt by Waite to forcibly induct in office two of his appointees of more pliable natures in place of two others. Populism in this State is now a one-man power, and Waite is the man. It is not Populism; it is Waiteism. In the rank and file of the party there are many who are there from conviction, and who are animated by the principles expressed in the Omaha platform. But the party as a whole is as corrupt, as self-seeking, as mercenary, and as unscrupulous an organization as Tammany Hall itself, and you can say as much for Tammany Hall as you can for the Populist party in Colorado, except that in the latter there are in the ranks new faiths, and in the "mess" the open profession of Anarchy as a party practice if not a party principle.

It is literally no calumny to charge them with Anarchism. In their mass-meetings Waite is hailed and applauded as the "Grand Old Anarchist."

From their platforms the Rev. Myron W. Reed, lately pastor of the leading Congregational church in Denver, affirms that Christ was an Anarchist, and the first Anarchist, and likens Waite to John Brown and Lincoln. In Cripple Creek Waite threw the State militia between riotous miners who, under the red flag on Bull Hill, were in open possession of the property of others and revolt against the law, and the deputy sheriffs, who were there to serve process upon certain of them for destruction of property and injuries to life and person, and thus by armed force prevented the service of the court warrants of arrest. This, Waite claims, was the first time in the history of the country that troops were used for the protection of the workingman; and to the civil authorities he said, "Even if you arrest and convict, I have the pardoning power, and with me lies the last guess." While these striking miners, who had fled from punishment of their crimes to their fort on Bull Hill, were there, under the red flag, in open and armed revolt against the authorities, Governor Waite came to the city as their "agent" to negotiate terms of peace, stipulating for amnesty as a condition of settlement, and then, when this condition was refused, signed the settlement on their behalf and as their accredited representative. He is, so far as I know, the only executive official in the world who has taken his stand under the red flag.

One of the virtues claimed for the Populist party in its early stages was that the party, as well as the State or National Government when controlled by the party, should be in truth, and not merely in name, the mouthpiece and voice of the people; that the "machine" was an enormity and not to be tolerated. The machine, with all that it implies, exists in its full development in the Populist party in this State. Every appointee, from the Denver policeman up, is taxed a portion of his salary for the support of the party organization, and is promptly removed and replaced if he demurs. No man can get a position on the Denver police force who is not a Populist politician. No relative of Governor Waite's in this State remains unprovided with an office.

Speaking thus of the party as a party, it cannot be said to be exempt from any of the vices of the old parties, and it owes its present numerical strength very largely to the fact that it is the refuge of the disappointed, the discontented, the lawless, and even the criminal classes of the State.

You have read the Omaha platform; you know its advocacy of principles which have been accepted elsewhere, and may yet be accepted here. The Initiative and Referendum have worked well in



Switzerland, formed one of the cries of the Boulangist party in France, and have been platform planks of both parties in staid old Massachusetts. Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs and postal savings banks are successful in Europe and Australia; the time may come when we shall have them also.

These are things which a patriotic and intelligent citizen can honestly advocate, but these are not the things which seem to animate the majority of the Populist voters of this State. They pass them by in silence, and dwell chiefly, if not exclusively, on the financial features of that platform, and the claim that it, and it alone, stands unqualifiedly for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Yet if you read that platform, or the bill which Senator Peffer introduced two years ago in Congress, you will see that what the Populist party seeks is fiat money, not metal money; and the Populist platform of Ohio (or is it Illinois?) says not one word of silver. The truth is that, even more than either of the old parties, it is all things to all men—for free silver in Colorado, for paper money in Ohio, for fiat money and lots of it everywhere and under all circumstances.

I have wandered on into more than you bargained for, I fear, and I would not give you the impression that, however strongly I feel on the importance of crushing what is known here as Waiteism rather than Populism, I have any serious hostility to the People's party. I can but regard it as ephemeral; like the A. P. A. movement. But, looked at as a State organization, it is animated by no principle which is worthy of respect, and by several which are deserving of the severest condemnation.

When Judge Hallett, of the Federal District Court, sitting in Denver towards the end of May, was obliged to deny an application for injunction against the riotous miners because of lack of jurisdiction, he did not hesitate to use the following terms (I quote from memory): "If our State Government has fallen into the hands of imbeciles, as it certainly has, or of Socialists, as seems probable, it is our misfortune, and we must bear it as best we may." Such comment from the Federal bench is weightier than any words of mine. Y.

Voice-Slurring

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your Spectator says: "A harsh or sharp voice is one of the least desirable possessions in the world. But such voices are very common among American women; indeed, the Spectator is sorry to say that

Peculiar Perils

assail our health in the Fall, when the season changes and mild weather gives way to chilling winds and cold storms, with dangerous warm waves between. This variable weather taxes the nervous energy, chills the skin, and overloads the kidneys. An abundant supply of pure blood is thus necessary to prevent the advance of disease, to nourish the nerves, renew the waste, and sustain the health tone. To purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the ideal Fall Medicine. Get Hood's because

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sharp voices in speaking are a rule in America, and the low, sweet voice the exception."

There is one bad and common habit which is probably the origin of what the Spectator laments. It is most spontaneous with girls at the ages from twelve to fifteen years. It consists in slurring the voice upon every syllable from the natural tone to the octave above, the latter tone being in falsetto. When a girl finds that she can do this, she toys with the discovery as a pretty accomplishment, and soon becomes so expert in slurring that the detail of the process is not commonly observed. Some persons will continue the habit until maturity, and then they have a terrible power. One voice confirmed in this habit can drown a dozen natural voices. Not with intent to caricature, but purely for accurate illustration, this kind of voice may be called the goose voice. Sometimes it is a veritable squawk. It is not as loud as a double-toned locomotive whistle. Some girls, as they enter refined environments and receive careful education, drop this bad habit and retain the sweet tones with which nature endows. It should be remembered that any considerable use of the falsetto voice tends to render the purely natural tones inflexible and harsh.

Teachers and mothers should be careful to correct this practice at its first appearing. Young children will imitate it, and care should be taken that they have not an opportunity.

L. B.

Notes and Queries

1. Please give me the names of whatever scientists of the first rank are known to accept the Bible as revelation. I want the information for a sorrowful skeptic. 2. Also, what books can you recommend for a young man, not highly educated, but a man who thinks, who has been for years surrounded by actual infidels of the rankest type, and, on the other hand, ignorant and bigoted believers in a very crude form of Christianity, or rather religious creed? He has the tastes of a naturalist, and lives an outdoor life, and would like to be convinced of the existence of a Creator.

C. R.

1. "To accept the Bible as revelation" are words of ambiguous import. No scientist regards the Bible as an infallible book. But many regard it as a progressive revelation, in the sense that it exhibits the gradual unfolding of the idea of God in the spiritual education of the Hebrew people. Such is the view which we think is taken by scientists like Professors Asa Gray, of Harvard, Le Conte, of California, and Dana, of Yale. 2. "The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin," by John Fiske; "The Idea of God," by President Schurman, of Cornell University.

In conversation with a friend a short time ago he made the assertion that Christ was nothing more than an ordinary scholar; to which opinion I dissented, and upheld that he was a highly educated person, well versed in the sciences, languages, etc., deriving my authority from the Testament. Would you kindly write me what your opinion is?

G. G. C.

John vii., 15, expresses the view of the Jews as to the learning of Jesus. It is generally accepted as a statement of fact. The education of a cultivated Jew was rabbinical (see Paul for example). No touch of rabbinical learning appears in Jesus, and he could not well have had any other. Apparently he knew but one book, the Old Testament, and with this his mind seems to have been saturated. No other than spiritual learning can be attributed to him.

1. What is the meaning of indulgences, as recognized by the Roman Catholic Church? Have indulgences ever been construed to mean the sale of permission to sin? if so, does such a sale now exist by authority of the Romish Church in any part of the world? 2. Is there a law obliging an American citizen resident abroad to obtain a new passport every two years, if the visé of Ambassador or Minister be desired in passing from one country to another? Is it possible to obtain a passport for life, as in England?

A.

1. Indulgences are defined by the Church as a remission of penance imposed by the Church. They have been mistakenly construed as a remission of sin and as equivalent to a permission to sin, but such a construction is indignantly repudiated by the Church. 2. There is no such law. Inquiry from the State Department, Washington, would elicit information as to the customs governing the issue of passports.

What is the nature of a benediction as uttered in public religious services? In respect of the authority of the person speaking it, does it necessarily differ from any other prayer? Why is it so generally considered improper for a layman to pronounce it? Is the prevailing notion anything but a recognition of priestly prerogative? Is there warrant in the New Testament for restricting it to ordained clergymen?

P.

The benediction is merely a kind of prayer, and as proper for any one person as for any other. It is a mere relic of Romanism to reserve it for clergymen only. Many who do so, do so more from habit or wish to be in good form than from any conviction of the intrinsic right of it. But we think

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that the custom is beginning to decay, as reflection leads to sound views, and men have the courage of their convictions.

Kindly tell me what we are to understand that Paul meant by "all scripture" in 2 Tim. iii., 16. Was it the Old Testament exclusively? or did he refer to the entire Bible as now given, being enabled so to do by inspiration? or would the term include only such parts of the New Testament as were already written, albeit not yet collected into one book?

E. W. J.

The reference could only have been to the Old Testament, which Timothy had known from his youth. See verse 15, and for the correct reading of verse 16 see the Revised Version.

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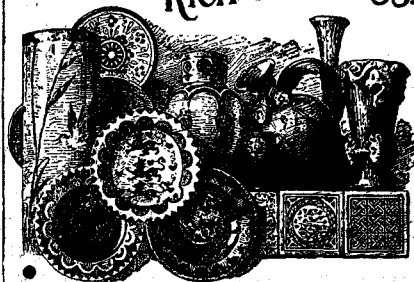
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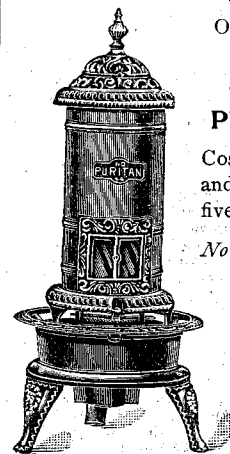
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Household Hints

A letter was received by the editors a few days ago, the gist of which was that the writer had called on a friend whose daughter had just been married. The daughter had always manifested an enjoyment of housekeeping matters, and had taken lessons in cooking after she became engaged. After she went to housekeeping, her husband's mother objected to the amount of time and attention that she gave to her house, saying that she would spoil her husband by getting up such good dinners; that he would, because so much stress was laid on material things in his home, lose his spiritual nature. The letter was read to three gentlemen, and the question was put to each one: What is your solution of this problem? Is there any danger to the husband? The first answer received was: "If I were that mother-in-law, and felt that the spiritual nature of my son were of so frail and effervescent a kind, I should advise them to board." The second gentleman to whom the problem was presented said: "Where the whole trouble is—the wife outcooks the mother. She is jealous." The third one replied: "Well, that danger is presented to so few men in this country that I think it would be well to let it go on as an experiment and see what the result would be." Each of these answers should set women thinking.

The Outlook is in receipt of a letter from a servant-girl which was written to the writer (Mrs. A. H. N.) of the article entitled "A Subscriber's View," printed in The Outlook of September 29. This girl says that she has lived in several families, that she has really tried to learn how to do the work satisfactorily, and she has concluded that there are very few women who have the ability to teach servants. "I have worked for many who seem to expect me to be a mind-reader; to know just exactly how they wanted things done without being told. I am out of work now, and I wish you would take me in hand, for I am tired of belonging to the great army of incapables. I like to work, but I have never had any training at home, and very little since I left home. I have given satisfaction in some houses, in others I have not, and I know that the fault is not wholly my own." It is very evident that the writer of this letter belongs to the class that many housekeepers have been trying to find, and it may be that she reveals one of the causes of friction between the better class of servants and the mistress of one maid or two, for she says: "It comforts me to know that you are just enough to acknowledge that mistresses (I hate that word) are sometimes to blame." The girl says that she wants work and she prefers housework, but that her lack of training is a bar to success. It may be that some one who reads this will be willing to make the experiment of training an American girl who prefers housework as a means of livelihood to any other employment.

A correspondent asked lately for a recipe for tomato catsup. Several have been sent to us by interested subscribers, and we print all, believing that at least one among them will meet our correspondent's requirements:

TOMATO CATSUP

To a peck of ripe tomatoes add one teacup of salt; boil until it begins to thicken, stirring occasionally; cool, and strain through wire sieve, stirring with the hand. Put in kettle, and add one teaspoonful red pepper, half-teaspoonful cloves, half-pint good cider vinegar, one small onion, if flavor is desired. Boil slowly to the desired consistency. Put in pint bottles, use new corks soaked in hot water, and seal.

S. A. R.

A delicious catsup can be made from the following recipe, which has been in use in my mother's family for many years: Select bright scarlet tomatoes, and to one-half bushel of fruit allow half a pint of salt. Slice the fruit, add the salt, and boil until soft. Strain through a coarse sieve to take out the seeds and skins. To one gallon of the strained tomatoes allow one tablespoonful each of cayenne pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and white ginger; one teaspoonful each of mustard and grated horseradish, and one quart of vinegar. Boil until quite thick. Add the spices about fifteen minutes before taking from the stove, and the vinegar when cold. Among flavoring extracts are now found those made from all kinds of spices, and in this catsup a few drops of extract can be substituted for ground cinnamon and cloves, or any other dark spice one may wish to use. This is the only secret of keeping the fresh color, except cooking quickly in a bright tin or porcelain-lined

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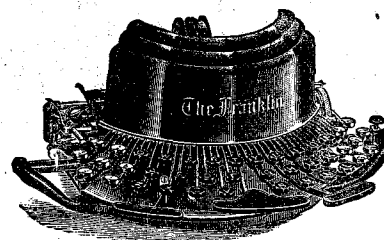
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kettle. To do this it is necessary to boil hard, watch carefully, and stir often to prevent burning.

A. M. B.

Three quarts strained tomatoes, one and one-half even tablespoonfuls salt, one-half even tablespoonful black pepper, one pint vinegar, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half even tablespoonful allspice, one-quarter even tablespoonful cinnamon, a pinch of ground cloves, two pods red pepper boiled in the tomatoes before straining. Pare, slice, and drain the tomatoes; cook till soft enough to strain through a sieve. Measure and add the other ingredients, then cook fifteen minutes. When cold, put in bottles.

M. O. P.

If "O. S." will use the following recipe for tomato catsup, I think she will find it satisfactory: One bushel of tomatoes; slice them and cook till they can be strained through a sieve. Add one quart of vinegar, one pint of sugar, one teacupful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of pepper, two nutmegs. Boil until it becomes the thickness of cream.

E. B. W.

"S. B. S." writes:

About a year ago there were published in your paper a group of recipes for "Old-fashioned Molasses Cakes" which I have prized and followed ever since. Recently, with a change of help, the paper was destroyed or misplaced. Please reprint them or send me a copy of the back number.

Soft Gingerbread.—One pint of molasses, one cup of butter, one-half cup of warm water, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, two eggs. Flour to make the consistency of soft cup-cake batter. Stir the soda into the molasses until it foams, break in the eggs, add the butter which has been softened but not melted, then the water, ginger, and flour. Flour should be added carefully at the last, as too much makes the cake look light-colored and dry, while if just the right quantity is used it will be dark and rich. A good plan is to try a little in a small pan before venturing the whole mixture. Bake in shallow tins about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Half this quantity makes a good-sized loaf. Delicious either hot or cold.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups molasses, two heaping teaspoonfuls soda, one cup water; flour. The success of the cookies depends, like the gingerbread, upon a careful use of flour. They should be mixed very soft, the board well floured in rolling them out, and a cake-turner used to lift them into the baking-pan. These are real old-fashioned thick cookies (they are fully half an inch thick), and must not be confounded with gingersnaps.

Ginger Drop-Cakes.—These are delicious, and are less trouble than the cookies, as they are not rolled out. One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, one egg, one teaspoonful ginger, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, three heaping cups of flour. Butter large baking-pans, and drop small spoonfuls of the batter, at intervals of two inches, over the pan. If put too close they will run together in baking and lose their form.

Gingersnaps.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of water, one-half cup of lard, one-quarter cup butter, one even tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one even teaspoonful of soda. Sift the soda with the flour in order to have it well mixed; beat sugar, butter, and lard together; add spices, water, and, lastly, the flour. Roll as thin as possible (they should be as thin and crisp as wafers when baked), cut in round cakes, and bake quickly. These are fully equal to the wafers which are put up in round tin boxes, and they keep equally well. A tiny maiden of our acquaintance paid them a great compliment once; her little brother

had been making us a call, and, as he was leaving, some one put a few in his pockets; upon reaching home, he gave her one, which she ate with great enjoyment, and when it was gone she immediately asked, "Where's the box?"—which proves what I said, that they are as good as those sold at the stores.

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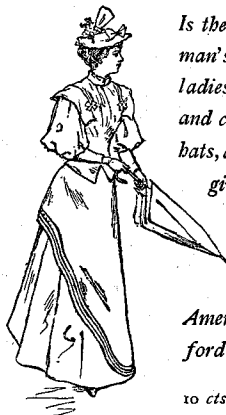
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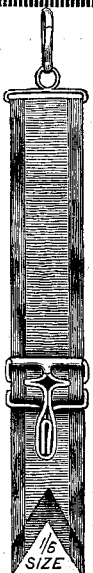
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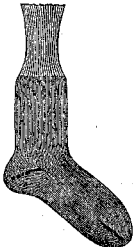
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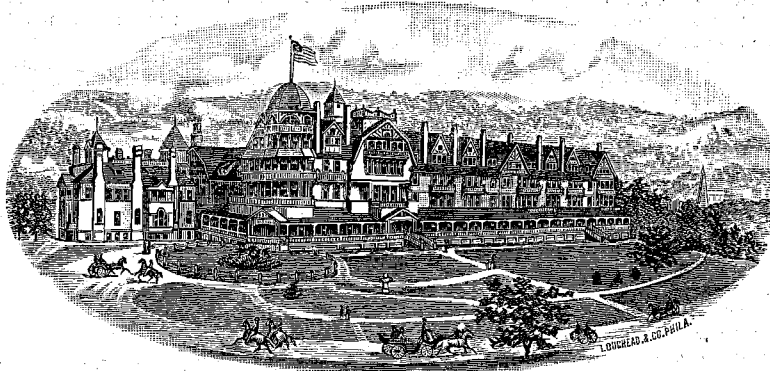
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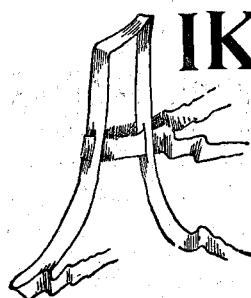
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The Business World

Wall Street Time money is in as dismal a condition as regards the lender as is commercial paper as concerns the investor. No gold went out to Europe last week as had been feared, and hence foreign exchange did not play its expected part in the financial situation. But there is no disguising the fact that the money market now shows how much October was a disappointment to it. Aside from the advance in sterling rates, the anticipated demand from the interior in connection with the autumn crop movement did not at all come up to expectations, and the consequence was that interest rates declined to the lowest figures on record. The low prices of wheat and cotton also influenced other values, and the bad break in the coal properties capped the climax. It is a pleasant surprise, therefore, to learn that in the last statement of the New York City banks there appears the gratifying item of a loan increase of over a million dollars. The banks' reserve held in excess of legal requirements is now somewhat over sixty-three millions.

October Treasury Statement Treasury receipts and expenditures for October show a deficit for the month of thirteen and a half million dollars. Although five millions of this sum was on account of interest, the deficit without it is considerably larger than that for September. The most salient feature of last month's Treasury history was the decline from September's figures of over three and a half millions in customs receipts. Internal revenue collections were about the same as in September, but only half as much as a year ago. The net balance on October 1 was sixty-one millions; by November 1 it had fallen to less than forty-six millions. Turning from these unflattering statements to the one more cheering feature, we find that the gold reserve has been increased by two and a half millions, and now stands at over sixty-one millions.

Decline in Sugar Imports The imports of sugar during September show a noteworthy decline. Two and one-half times as much sugar was imported last July as in the corresponding month a year ago, but in August only three-quarters as much as in August, 1893. The contrast is a significant one. It was not unnatural that the Trust wished to import all the sugar possible before the new tariff became law. This perhaps accounts for the September import as well, aggregating less than 56,000,000 pounds—a decrease from August of 92,000,000 pounds, and from July of 710,000,000. As the sugar duty in the present tariff was based upon last year's imports, the supposed revenue to be derived was established at \$42,000,000, or \$3,500,000 a month. It is to be hoped that other months may make up for September's loss, for the value of that month's import has fallen short of the expected revenue by more than two million dollars. There is much reason to think that later months will tell a different story, since the remarkably small imports have undoubtedly been due to the great stock now on hand imported during the spring and early summer. The first barrels of the new crop of Louisiana sugar have been received. Present conditions are forcing the planters in that State to great economy. Large refineries are planned to save the expense of too many small ones; indeed, some attention has been given to the scheme of connecting plantation sugar-houses by pipe-lines with a central refinery.

Germany's Prohibition of Cattle Imports Mr. Runyon, our Ambassador at Berlin, and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, have been having a lively exchange of views respecting Germany's prohibition of cattle imports from America. Mr. Runyon declared the order severe, unjust, needless, and evidently a reprisal for the American sugar duty. The Baron admitted the force of the first epithet, but denied that of the others. He added that Germany could not barter the soundness of her cattle for any prospective lowering of the sugar tariff. The incubation

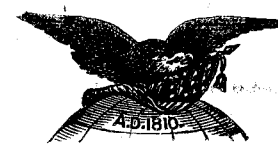
stage of Texas fever was six weeks, and even if cattle left America in apparently perfect health, they might afterward fall a prey to the disease and spread the infection. To this our Ambassador rejoined that the contagion is carried only by insects that do not exist in Europe, and, moreover, that dead meat is unable to convey the germs from Texas. Germany's cattle imports come first from her neighbors, Austria on the south and Denmark on the north, followed by the United States, Sweden, France, and Italy, in the order named. It is not improbable that a part of our now prohibited trade will be continued, nevertheless, in the form of exports to England, whence cattle can be reshipped to Germany.

September Exports and Imports The Bureau of Statistics has issued its statement of our foreign commerce for September. The value of our exports was \$59,000,000, as against \$72,000,000 for September last year; of imports, \$50,000,000, as against \$46,000,000. For the same month Great Britain's exports fell off 3½ and her imports 4½ per cent.

Decline in Coal Shipments For the first nine months of the current year our total shipments of anthracite coal have been 29,600,000 tons—a decrease of over one and a half million tons from the corresponding time a year ago.

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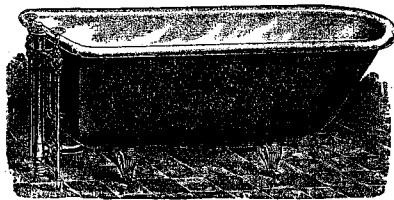
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It is the desire of the founder to have three rooms endowed for the use of women who through misfortune or illness are deprived of vacations because of inability to pay the very moderate board which will be charged. One of these rooms will be set aside by King's Daughters. The others, it is hoped, will be provided for by self-supporting women, and others interested in their welfare.

Contributions are solicited, and the smallest will be gratefully acknowledged. Each donor will receive the full address, and an invitation to visit the "Rest." Address all communications to F. A. Booth, Treasurer, Martha's Rest, 21 Bible House, New York City, N. Y.

—The Rev. C. T. Weitzel, formerly of Santa Barbara, Cal., has accepted an invitation to fill for the winter the office of Assistant Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The Rev. Horace Porter and the Rev. E. C. Sedgwick have accepted positions as pastoral assistants, one in especial connection with the Mayflower Branch, the other with the Bethel Branch.

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is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.



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A-Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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About People

—Mr. Holman Hunt has been appointed Romanes Lecturer for 1895 at the University of Oxford.

—Napoleon was called "l'homme au petit chapeau gris." Casimir-Périer is now known as "l'homme au petit landau bleu."

—The name of the new postmaster at Purgatory, Virginia, seems not at all blasphemous, but eminently appropriate, for such a place. It is George Godbethe.

—Dr. William Petersen, of University College, Dundee, has been called to the Principalship of McGill University, Montreal, vacant since Sir William Dawson's resignation.

—Madame Clara Schumann, the widow of the great composer, and herself a composer and pianist of exalted rank, has just completed her seventy-fifth year. She is still teaching in Frankfort.

—Professor Robertson Smith's chair of Arabic at the University of Cambridge is to be filled by the appointment of Dr. Charles Rien, late keeper of Oriental MSS. at the British Museum.

—The establishment of a new infirmary in Boston for the cure of eye and ear diseases recalls Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's remark about the first one: "Charitable eye and ear?" said she, looking at the sign over the gate; "I never knew Boston had either."

—Mr. D. W. Caldwell, who has been elected President of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, to succeed the late John Newell, is an old railway man, having entered the service of the Pennsylvania Company in 1852. He has lately been the President of the "Nickel Plate," or, to speak formally, of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company.

—The Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens, the rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the church of Washington and Franklin, is the most recent of much-decorated Americans. The Queen-Regent of Spain has made him a Knight of the Royal Order of Isabella, and Dom Carlos has created him a Knight-Commander of one of the highest of Portuguese Orders. Dr. Stevens's "Sources of the Constitution" has thus received real recognition abroad.

—Baron de Courcel, the new French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is a man of singularly judicial mind. He speaks English perfectly, and, as President of the Court of Arbitration at Paris on the Behring Sea matter, gave eminent satisfaction. The Baron's original name was Chaudron, and his father was a country attorney in a little place called Courcel, near which was the residence of the Talleyrands, to whom Chaudron père was family solicitor. When the great diplomatist was once about to start on a special mission to England, he not only took the young Chaudron along as one of his secretaries, but also procured a change of name and a patent

of nobility for the old lawyer, whose son now became "M. de Courcel."

—The memory of the martyred President of the French Republic is to be fitly honored. More than two hundred cities in France have resolved to erect statues of Carnot, and there will hardly be any settlement without its Carnot Square, or at least street. In this connection it is interesting to note that in all France there are two hundred streets named after Thiers, over three hundred after Victor Hugo, and over four hundred after Gambetta.

The Boston Church Congress

One of the most important religious gatherings of the year will be the assemblage in Boston next week of the members and friends of the Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The Church Congress is a thoroughly representative but not a legislative body. It was organized through the influence of such men as Dr. Washburn and Phillips Brooks, in the interest of free and open expression of opinion in matters of public ethics, general philanthropy, religious catholicity, and special denominational polity. While its speakers are always and only members of the Episcopal Church, both clerical and lay, the range of topics which has been presented during a series of Congresses covering sixteen years has been as wide as the Christian faith. Its platform is as liberal as the Church it represents, and men of all schools of thought in the Church have here given expression to widely different views on many important topics. A certain elasticity marks the polity of this Church, and holds together in harmony men of evangelical, liberal, and ritualistic tendencies. The discussions in previous years have been timely, interesting, oftentimes exciting. Boston has made great preparations for these meetings, which begin with an opening service in Trinity Church at 11 A.M. on November 13. General interest has been aroused, and this Church Congress will, it is expected, exceed in interest any before held. The subjects to be discussed by noted speakers of the Church will be as follows: November 13, 7:30 P.M., "The Church's Duty in the Matter of Secular Activities;" November 14, 10:30 A.M., "Proper Education for the Ministry;" November 14, 7:30 P.M., "The Sunday Newspaper;" November 15, 10:30 A.M., "Religious Orders in the Episcopal Church To-day;" November 15, 7:30 P.M., "How to Relieve the Poor without Pauperizing Them;" November 16, 10:30 A.M., "The Argument from Design as Affected by the Theory of Evolution;" November 16, 7:30 P.M., "The Appeal to Fear in Religion." The sessions will be held in Boston Music Hall. Bishop Lawrence will preside.

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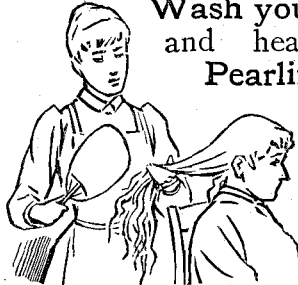
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October Necrology

- October 2.—Algernon Percy Banks St. Maur. Duke of Somerset. Born 1819.
- October 3.—David Swing. Born 1830. Originally one of the most liberal and eloquent of Presbyterian preachers, he finally withdrew from that communion. Since 1866 had preached in Chicago. See page 594.
- October 3.—Ludwig Schwarz. Born 1822. Professor of Astronomy at the University of Dorpat.
- October 5.—Vincenzo Botta. Born 1818. The author of several works on the literature and history of Italy. Late Professor of Languages in the University of the City of New York. In 1855 he married Anne Charlotte Lynch. See page 578.
- October 5.—Reinhold Bechstein. Born 1833. Professor of German Literature in the University of Rostock.
- October 7.—Oliver Wendell Holmes. Born 1809. See page 578.
- October 7.—Andrew Gregg Curtin. Born 1815. Pennsylvania's War Governor. Minister to Russia in the Grant administration. See page 578.
- October 9.—Earl Grey. Born 1802. Third earl of that name and son of the Prime Minister of 1830-34. The oldest living peer. Had occupied many Government positions and was the last survivor of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet.
- October 9.—The Rev. Dr. Lewis Burton. Born 1815. For forty-seven years a prominent Episcopalian among the clergy of Cleveland, and the senior clergyman of the Diocese of Ohio.
- October 12.—John Nichol. Born 1833. From 1861 to 1889 Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, and the author of a number of books.
- October 13.—The Rev. G. H. Curteis, Canon of Lichfield. Bampton Lecturer in 1871, and Boyle Lecturer from 1884 to 1886.
- October 18.—Sir Alfred Stephen. Born 1802. For thirty years Chief Justice of New South Wales.
- October 19.—Samuel Booth. Born 1818. Ex-Mayor and Postmaster of Brooklyn.
- October 19.—James Darmesteter. Born 1849. A well-known Orientalist. Professor of the Persian Language and Literature at the Collège de France, Paris.
- October 20.—James Anthony Froude. Born 1818. One of the most celebrated English writers and historians. Regius Professor of History at Oxford. See page 657.
- October 21.—Joseph Dorsett Bedle. Born 1831. Ex-Governor of New Jersey.
- October 25.—John Bruce Ford. Born 1816. Founder of the firm of J. B. Ford & Co., publishers, now Fords, Howard & Hubert. See page 728.
- October 26.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Alexander. Born 1819. For forty years pastor of the Phillips Presbyterian Church, New York City.
- October 30.—Honoré Mercier. Born 1840. Ex-Premier of the Province of Quebec.

Individuality in Birds' Songs

A writer in the Contributors' Club in the November "Atlantic" asserts that there is an individual quality in the song of each bird. He says:

"This summer a friend told me that she was 'able to detect by their songs the *nine* different kinds of song-sparrow.' She was very triumphant over it, and it gave me pain to explain to her what, from my own observation, I believed to be the truth—namely, that there are almost as many different songs as there are song-sparrows; moreover, that not only do individuals among them differ from one another in their arrangement of the three parts of their theme, or in the finish they bestow upon the separate parts, but the individual himself varies his notes from time to time, taking endless liberties with them according as the spirit moves him or his vocal powers permit. He may choose to stop short at the trill, though this is a rare occurrence; more often he begins with it, ending with the three sharp notes. Again, he practices the turn, which at

best is an uncertain phrase, singing it over by itself a number of times, quite discontented, it would seem, with its indeterminate character. Then, perhaps, he bursts out in a reckless, don't-care manner, as if snapping his claws at practice and perfection, jumbling his notes together like a music-box suddenly gone mad. It is a mistake to think that all the birds of a kind are equally gifted with all their fellows, as if they were little mechanical toys struck off by the gross and warranted to produce precisely the same song. Why should it be so? Men differ in this respect; so do various domestic animals—all of them, for aught I know. Two black-and-tan terriers living next door to each other have distinctive barks; the one can boast of a far wider compass than his friend—I mean his enemy—as well as of a more hideously exasperating quality in the tones.

"I have the honor of acquaintance with a cat of high lineage. He is outwardly magnificent, and inwardly all that a cat should be—the beau-ideal of cathood. But he has an inchoate mew. It is his one limitation, and one with which his owners do not quarrel. Cocks are notably many-voiced, and I doubt not that close observation would disclose fine characteristic shadings in the voices of those familiar creatures that respectively squawk, cluck, neigh, bray, and moo."

A Study in Black and White

Why was Dame Nature so unkind to me?
It's just my fate.
Instead of curly, as it ought to be,
My hair is straight!
Each night a row of papers held with pins
My head environs.
My life's one endless drudgery of tins
And curling-irons!
A thousand ways to curl it I've devised;
I've used the many Curlines advertised;
But still my brain with hopelessness is whirled—
It won't stay curled.

Why did de Lawd dun made dis wool ob mine
So full ob kinks?
He'd jus' as well uh made it long an' fine
An' straight, I tinks.
Ise oil'd an' oil'd dis wool, an' breshed it back
A heap, I 'clahr!
An' tried a pow'ful sight to make it lak
De white folks' hahr.
Ise used dem drug purskipshuns from de sto'—
Indeed I has, but 'tain't no use no mo'.
It am no use to bresh dem kinks an' fuss;
Dey jus' gets wuss.
—Kourt Chalys in Carnegie Hall Programme.

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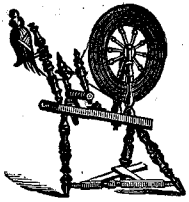
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Equally artistic and rich in effect is a Clematis design, which also has table border of blossoms and leaves, arranged somewhat after the style of the Lilac just mentioned; a distinctive feature of this design is the amount of the plain satin damask which it shows.

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